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## FALLACIES OF THE NEW DOGMATISM IN ART

BY DUNCAN PHILLIPS\*

### PART I

AT this thrilling hour in our history as a nation when, in his luminous language, our President has called us all to patriotic service, it is difficult for us to concentrate our thoughts on matters merely aesthetic. Even those of us who, in days of peace, keep art uppermost in our minds, are uncomfortably aware that at a time when we are called upon to do our share "to make the world safe for democracy," art seems to be a comparatively unimportant topic for discussion. However, this is a natural reaction against the luxury of aesthetic pleasure—a part of the big, vague emotion which makes us all restive and absent-minded in any work or thought unrelated to the great war. We should not allow such a mood to throw us out of balance. Art is not as much unrelated to the present war as we might suppose. To study history—ancient, modern, or contemporary—in the searching light of art is to see into the souls of civilizations. If a nation enjoys depictions of cruelty and all kinds of violence and vice, there must be something organically wrong undermining that country. Of course, there are depraved minds at work in every virile nation, but they are powerless to poison a national state of mind which holds them in contempt. When we learn that Franz Stuck, whose pictures celebrate brute force and primitive passion, far from being discredited in his own country is regarded as a

representative Prussian painter high in favor at Court, we seem to see the cause of the present war explained in terms of art. We all know how the silken seductive sensuousness of the arts of Louis Quinze explain the French Revolution and how the proud unfeeling Neo-Roman arts of the Consulate and the Empire express the vanities of Bonaparte and the Neo-Roman wars of Napoleon. Art has been described as "a sensitive barometer of a nation's spirit." It may be more definite, in its exact indication of a nation's corruption or idealism. Since our contemporary civilization, as it was before the war, will be judged some day from symbols and symptoms discovered in contemporary art, it is a very sensible thing to do, in the stern seriousness of war time, to reflect upon the permanency of values in the works our artists are creating. It will also enable us to see ourselves as future historians will see us.

As a matter of fact, American art at its very best, in the work of such as J. Alden Weir, is something of which we can be unreservedly proud. The contemporary world boasts nothing finer or nobler than the art and life of Mr. Weir, and there are many other American painters secure of enduring fame. And yet I shudder to think how the mind of the United States might be misjudged by a visitor to the show of pictures and sculpture recently exposed at the

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Grand Central Palace in New York. It stunned me to realize that at a time like this Americans have been committing these nuisances, creating these images both grotesque and indecent, mixed up on the walls with many other pictures merely pretty and stupid and shop-worn. As I hurried up and down the aisles of that vast place trying to find my way out of that maze of madness like a dreamer imprisoned in a chamber of horrors, I kept repeating, and I must have said it out aloud, "War is a good cleanser. We need war."

For if war is itself a madness it is also a cure for madness. In the humility of service and in the fires of self-sacrifice cynics will often repudiate their disillusionment and acknowledge that mockery is a mean business, that sham is a damned disgrace, and that, judging from queer feelings in the heart, God's in his Heaven even when there is Hell on earth. Self-indulgent dilettantes rejoice at this moment to show their courage and give voice to exultation. In the present war there is the case of the young American poet, Alan Seeger, who at Belloy en Senterre kept his rendezvous with death. A finer poet, Rupert Brooke, seemed to enjoy the war's liberation of his own idealism which he had hitherto concealed in true British fashion.

"Now God be thanked who has matched us  
with His hour

And caught our youth and wakened us  
from sleeping

With hand made sure, clear eye, and  
sharpened power

To turn, as swimmers into cleanness  
leaping.

Blow bugles, blow! They bring us for our  
dearth

Holiness lacked so long and Love and  
Pain.

Honor has come back as a king to earth,  
And paid his subjects with a royal wage  
And Nobleness walks in our ways again  
And we have come into our heritage."

The two ideas of glad release from self and purification through self-sacrifice recur in the imaginative writings of all those who have faced death in battle. And so we find that although art reveals the symptoms of the social and political maladies which

make men kill each other, it also reveals the personal chivalry and courage and the poignant sense of pity and even affection kindled among fighting men. When the sufferings of war have in their inscrutable way ennobled what remains of humanity, art is sure to appear more human, more humane, more inspiring, above all more sincere and contemptuous of sham. Art may be at a standstill in Europe today, in this country tomorrow. Yet for the arts everywhere there is a good time coming.

For some contemporary writers Modern Art begins with the Christian Era, for others with the earliest years of the Nineteenth Century, for critics of the Post-Impressionist faith with Cezanne. There is no criterion certainly as to what constitutes modernity since every age has its own perspective, and its own perception of what seems new. And although artists in every age have yearned to add something new to the stock of the world's creations, they have usually only succeeded in repeating remote instead of recent ideas. Is there anything in the art of today that has not been done before unless it is the tall building we call the skyscraper? And even this, of course, is not so much an original creation as a novel adaptation to meet new conditions. We think of realism in painting as a modern achievement until we read of the famous still life by the Greek artist, Xexvis, whose painted grapes tempted the birds to peck at them. We think of the depiction of sunshine and atmosphere as a modern achievement until we come upon the rainbows of Rubens and his effects of overhead light. Desperate in their desire to exhibit something new, Modernists have experimented with various methods and patterns only to be met by the critics with the comment that they have simply skipped over a dozen centuries or more and gone back to Giotto, to Byzantine mosaics, to Egyptian low reliefs, to Assyrian tile paintings, to Polynesian potteries and textiles. When they throw overboard art history entirely and seek to forget that any picture was ever painted, and try to paint as if with a mind wiped clean of all preconception, they are not yet worthy to be called original for then we accuse them of copying the "barbaric designs" of babies. The Post-Impression-



ists indeed no longer pretend to conceal this source of their inspiration and are proud to imitate the child's or child-man's unschooled conception of form. They dream of ultimately absorbing the primitive form of view wherefrom to begin all over again with the lost thrills of the first artists. This longing explains the deliberate savageries which Gauguin attempted to create in representing the exotic charm of the red natives of Tahiti. The fallacy of the philosophy which would urge us to renounce all that we have gained with civilization and maturity is too obvious to need discussion. In renouncing what we have gained we are not going to regain what we have lost. The simplicity of Matisse when imitating a child of three is about as simple and lovable as the simplicity of a soubrette talking baby-talk to her partner in vaudeville. Whether it is the pseudo-savage or the pseudo-infantile matters little. In either case it is a lie. Even the originals which these modern fanatics imitate are wholly outside the realm of art. The phrase "savage-art" is in itself an anomaly. Art is more than instinct, more than the mere impulse to create. Art implies knowledge, taste, selection, skill. We must conclude then that the extravagant Modernists in the arts are neither worthy to be called artists, nor are they genuinely modern.

But the Cubists and the Futurists, they at least have done something never done before? Yes, granting that we understand just exactly what they are doing. I am unable to throw any light on the perplexing subject of these atrocities enclosed in frames and christened with titles. The Cubists claim Cezanne as their ancestor because of his oft-repeated emphasis on suggesting the third dimension, and his trick of constructing objects by means of color-planes giving the impression of depth. They have his own words to justify their propaganda. One day Cezanne remarked to an admirer, "Don't make Chinese images like Gauguin. Everything in nature is modeled on the lines of the cube, the cone and the cylinder. If you understand how to paint these simple forms you can paint anything. Contrasts and modulations of tones—there you have the secret for drawing and modeling." There indeed in his own words we have a

clear expression of the theory which makes Cezanne interesting to faddists. I shall want to speak again about this unique but overrated painter. The point now is that the extremists who try to make a new art language out of a welter of geometrical forms were inspired by Cezanne's more or less facetious reference to cubes and cones. Cubism calls itself a systematic use of planes to convey a sense of weight and thickness. It has other intentions. Cubist pictures are not painted as often in cubes as in acute angles, swirls and semi-circles. A characteristic Cubist canvas looks as if anyone of us in an absent-minded way had been making all kinds of zig-zags and criss-crosses on a bare surface, jumbling the forms and inextricably confusing the outlines. If such a page of irresponsible scribbling and scrawling can move us to ecstasies of emotion then there must be something in Cubism and its orgies of unrepresentative form. Otherwise it is just what it appears—gibberish. We are told that the Cubist in blocking out details leaves only "significant forms" which contain the essence of the ideas expressed. To illustrate this idea—Arthur B. Davies recently took my education in hand and gave me an elementary object lesson. He brought out a framed picture of a young girl playing a violin—one of the exquisite things of his early period. On the glass he marked in chalk the contour of the masses and then removed the glass. The diagram was not unlike a Cubist masterpiece. And Mr. Davies said in all seriousness that this skeleton of form contained all the aesthetic emotion suggested by the subject, but now the rhythm was released from all extraneous interest, from all sentimental irrelevance. We are told that a Cubist picture is like a world rising out of chaos. "The law of order is seen in the act of working itself out. We see a confusion of planes agitated apparently with life movement." For it is a paradox of the Cubist mind that although brooding upon the ideas of stability and permanence, of formal relations and static structure, principles which make geometry the logical vehicle of illustration, the Cubists are nevertheless tormented by the desire to express what they call "movement values." With the Futurists the craving for the expression of movement is allied to



a desire to control the element of time. They dare to depict on a single piece of canvas, past, present, and future, as they exist for instance simultaneously in a state of mind confusing all memories, sensations and anticipations. In their field the mental crowds upon the visual. This implies "a simultaneousness of imagery, a dismemberment of objects, a scattering and weird fusion of details." As portraits of our over-complicated modern consciousness—gorged on sensations and undigested impressions—these Futurist pictures are suggestive caricatures. But nothing uglier could possibly be imagined. They make us think more promptly of sleepers struggling with delirious dreams or madmen in frenzies of delusion than of normal states of mind under the healthful stimulations of life. They certainly have nothing to do with art. They have interest only for students of pathology.

And now let us try to arrive at some conclusions as to the causes of the obscure malady which has produced in our day and generation debased aesthetic standards. The malady is most apparent in the thousands of so-called artists, yet it is also a public affliction. When we say that the new movement in art is sensation-seeking and hysterical and admit that the contagion is spreading and someone asks us innocently why we endure it, that someone has said the one wise thing there is to say. For we, the public, are responsible if the Cult for Matisse is taught in schools and if Paranoiacs are at large in our midst. We are too easily bored by monotony, too exacting of novelty, too restless for change and any sort of excitement. Is it surprising then that the side-shows of modern art pitch their tents in the midway of our lives and invite us in to gape and grin at their pretensions? Charlatans and false prophets are the natural consequence of a public curiosity about being "taken in." As a mere matter of policy Originality is at a premium so the exotic plant is forced, in season and out of season, into a profuse growth, rank in odor. We did not know that originality could be forced, but we live and learn. Mr. Brownell recently remarked that the boast of the Modernists to give us unprecedented emotions was far from a benevolent one, for unprecedented

emotions are apt to be bad for our health. Yet novelty we crave and demand, and this accounts for the success of the Modernist propaganda.

We cannot so easily explain the psychology of the sincere eccentrics and shrewd charlatans who make their success out of our demand for sensation. Our psychology is obvious enough. We want to be amused. We were children once and we still enjoy a circus so we set them up, these Cubists, outside of their tents, to advertise their side-shows. But the Cubists, do they regard themselves as our hired entertainers? Not for a moment. On the contrary, they take themselves very seriously. The prophets are making a new world out of chaos. They have a mission on this earth. But even the charlatans are serious—serious in believing that the crowds they draw are captivated and convinced simply because they seem hypnotized and non-resistant. Of course, they are the real victims of their own hypnotism and in time they no doubt come to believe their own theories. These extremists win the notoriety which above everything else they seem to want, yet their material fortunes are at best precarious, and many of them starve in allegiance to the cause they have espoused. So we cannot dismiss them lightly as wholly insincere and commercial adventurers. It must be admitted that they really cherish their propaganda. The bond which holds together the motley army of iconoclasts is the common desire to overthrow the established standards taught in the schools and respected in the homes. They wish to revolutionize modes of thought, life and language by making new measures of value. They wish to make art as democratic as the circus by making it as easy as any other kind of unskilled spontaneous expression—the nonsensical prattle and scribbling of very little children, for instance. A dread of hard work, a hatred for culture, and a passionate desire to be different—these, far more than any desire for material success are the incentives of the hitherto hopeless failures who could not compete with the past, but who now hope to become fashionable Futurists. Brownell believes that the underlying cause is "the immense extension in our time of the intellectual and aesthetic electorate." Our specialized and



elective system of education inevitably tends to "indulge the susceptibilities at the expense of the intellect" and results in making specialists, most of them insensitive to arts and letters, who sneer both at artists and scholars, yet who cultivate, as a supposed asset, a superficial veneer of culture. Thus we create just the sort of intolerant yet arrogant public which the Modernist can mould to his purpose, since the culture which he sells exacts from artist and public alike, neither pains of toil nor poise of judgment, neither knowledge nor taste nor skill, simply the dislike for platitude and the appetite for novelty.

It is very important for us to realize that we, the public, have a great deal to do with making the artists what they are, and therefore that we have a grave responsibility in the matter of establishing or discarding aesthetic standards. Brownell thinks that "the growth of art has been governed by demand not less than by supply, since however much the artist may have stimulated demand he is himself a product. It is plain accordingly that in the main a public gets not only the newspapers it deserves but the arts and letters it appreciates." If today the artists are proclaiming rebellion, they must be deriving their rebellious spirit from us. Art is the barometer. If it is true that we can best study history in the light of art, it is no less true that we can best understand contemporary arts by considering contemporary manners, customs and conversations. We are now, however, in a period of transition when the old order is dying hard and may soon make a successful defense and refuse to surrender to the new dispensation. After the war we shall see what we shall see. At this point I wish to emphasize that the rebellion of the Modernists against tradition is nothing new, but simply the repetition in our era of a phenomenon which history repeats over and over, in every age, in every nation, almost in every family, the phenomenal uprising of each new generation against the standards of the old.

It seems certainly as if no more insolent challenge to established standards could ever have been issued than the outrageous manifestos in the field of art which we have witnessed in the last ten years. But we

forget. In their days the Impressionists were supposed to be quite outrageous, and not long before the Romanticists seemed to have no reverence in their souls for the gods of Greece and the wisdom of the academies. In each of these interesting periods the great idea of Democracy was gaining ground in Europe, consequently the people had a good deal to say about art as about everything else. But in the matter of art they could not grasp the idea all at once. Interest in art was widespread and this popular interest had increased the number both of those who practised and of those who professed to know about things artistic. The conservative majorities of those days exerted a great deal of influence and succeeded in making the painters and sculptors do pretty much as they wished. In other words, the majority of artists brought their own standards down to the standards of the crowd. There was a referendum to the half-instructed crowd which neither knew nor cared to be told what art is, but which had its own notions nevertheless—the idea being that pictorial art should be imitative. Now every Tom, Dick and Harry, and every Amelia, Charlotte and Jane, who thought about the matter at all, agreed that although they might not understand all there was to music without taking lessons, yet in painting at least they could certainly get all there was to be got. Didn't they have eyes? Well then, was not their opinion about what was true to life just as good as anybody's? This attitude persists to this day just as it has always done since primitive men whittled and carved their first crude imitations of reality to the dissatisfaction of their less creative tribesmen. In my least hopeful moments I assume that it is the misfortune of the pictorial arts that the same attitude must continue as long as the human race. *It is against this arrogance of the uninstructed public that painters have always protested and revolted—sometimes in crowds, more often as lonely rebels. With liberties of color, with individual eccentricities of form, with over-accentuations of the inevitable conventions of their particular mediums, individuals and schools have tried to impress upon the public that pictures must be more than mere imitations. It is only, however,*



in our own lawless day that the idea of abandoning the representative function of art has been, not only seriously entertained but aggressively undertaken. And so, because of the stupidity of the more conservative part of the public as well as because of the appetite of the new generation for new sensations, we have on our

hands and on our conscience the Post-Impressionists, Cubists, Futurists, Vorticists, Orphists, and Heaven only knows how many other kinds of performing pet. Art is the barometer and it is very quick to register the reaction of mood to public encouragement or aggravation which we carelessly call revolution of idea.



ILLUSTRATED BY CLINTON BALMER FOR A POEM, MOONLIT GARDENS, BY GORDON BOTTOMLEY

## BRITISH ILLUSTRATORS

W. G. BLAIKIE MURDOCH

**B**RTAIN undoubtedly has an exceptional gift for what are usually styled the minor arts. Begetting few great sculptors, she has perhaps had no painters comparable with the finest of Italy and Spain, Holland and Flanders. But the very best French cabinetmakers hardly rank beside Hepplewhite and Sheraton, while waiving sundry pieces wrought at Sèvres, it is hard to recall any Occidental porcelain transcending the loveliest from

Derby, Lowestoft or Worcester. Moreover, British supremacy in mezzotint was widely acknowledged in the golden age of that medium, nor did even the Venetian printers, of Renaissance times, attain statelier pages than those by the great typographic artists of the eighteenth century in Britain. And, in consonance, the land has ever and again been opulent in rare adepts in illustration, the output of her masters of this sort today constituting





"CRINOLINE". AN ILLUSTRATION IN COLOR BY ANNIE FRENCH

a singularly beautiful little realm: one which holds an infinitely more important place, in the artistic achievements of modern Europe, than is held by contemporaneous British painting or sculpture.

This little realm is doubly interesting, besides, in that serious consideration is seldom given it. Too many people are inclined to associate illustration exclusively with the men, their name legion, who besiege publishing offices where they point out that this book or that, furnished anew with drawings, should certainly prove a commercial success; while many talented artists, themselves, are apt to belittle pictures concerned with the written word, speaking

of such things as betraying a lack of originality and creative power. But, then, does not all art emanate primarily from the act of assimilation? And while some men absorb life itself, some literature, to fashion an exquisite work as result is in both cases equally difficult. "What! You are original, and you do not feel inspired by reading Byron or Dante!" said Delacroix in his *Journal*, retorting to critics who had assailed his art because largely derived from books. For apart from his paintings of scenes in Literature, most of his lithographs have episodes in Scott or Goethe for subject matter. And Delacroix is after all but one of countless painters, of lofty rank, who





A BOOK ILLUSTRATION BY LAWRENCE HOUSMAN

AFTER A WOOD BLOCK CUT BY

MISS CLEMENCE HOUSMAN





THE WHITE ROAD, AN ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES GUTHRIE

turned frequently to illustration, seeking to pay homage to the writings or music they loved, striving to give form to the emotions these things had awakened in them. Prince of such men is Fantin-Latour, others whose productions of this kind bring a deep joy in the recollection being Botticelli and Charles Conder, while Rossetti's drawings for books are likewise in the forefront of everything he did. And, casting in his lifetime an extraordinary spell over the whole of British art—a more potent spell than was ever cast over it by one man,

Van Dyck not excepted—he exerted on illustration an influence which is in effective action to this day.

Bringing together some of his essays in literary criticism, a popular novelist gave his resultant book the title, "Through the Magic Door," and the choice of that name reflected a flash of genius. For almost the prime trait in Literature, that which most essentially distinguishes it from other writing, is a certain air of remoteness in the scenes set forth, the true writer perpetuating things, not as he saw them, or thought



of them, in the ordinary tedium of existence, but rather as they appeared in those emotional moments, when everything takes to itself a strange glamour. Now Rossetti never failed to give his drawings just this air of remoteness, his invariable attainment

thus inspired to engage in type-designing, he founded the Vale Press, issuing thence a galaxy of books still lovelier than those from Kelmscott. Each has initial letters and kindred ornaments from his hand, and it is in these Vale Books that his best illus-



THE BOUQUET

W. W. PEPLOE

herein being more than anything else what makes him so great an illustrator. And, of his manifest debtors of the present time, three who have captured much of his peculiar enchantment are Charles Ricketts, Laurence Housman, and Mrs. Traquair. Painter, sculptor and author, Ricketts was keenly interested when young in the artistic printing of Morris; and being

trations are contained, his edition of "Daphnis and Chloe" being already so rare that it must be sought for like an Aldine or an Elzevir. Nevertheless, he is not as able a draughtsman as Housman, whose art embodies many lines to be lingered over fondly by virtue of their intrinsic grace, his spirituality being doubly apposite in his Shelley drawings, for as Arthur Symonds





THE POOKA! THE POOKA!

AN EPISODE IN CELTIC MYTHOLOGY

JACK B. YATES

writes with his usual acumen, in all Shelley's verse there is hardly anything to remind that he had a body. Indeed this series, surpassing the harvest of things Housman has drawn for his own verse and prose, must be singled out as one of the brightest gems in the crown of modern illustration; while her Dante set is the best done by Mrs. Traquair, who, not quite so closely akin to Rossetti as Housman and Ricketts are, would seem to have combined her discipleship of the great pre-Raphaelite with much study of those Italians to whom he was indebted. A like impression is given by Clinton Balmer, his work bringing to mind in particular the name of Botticelli; while though Robert Baker is another to be ranked in the group whose laurel it is to have caught Rossetti's persuasive enchantment, he too appears to have learnt directly from the master's exemplars. Baker is a splendid draughtsman, and as befits one accustomed to work in stone or bronze, for he is a sculptor first, an illustrator only second, his lines sometimes have that fine

crispness which engages in Douris, and his *confrères* in Greece, drawing with a sharp point on a clay vase.

In an article of long ago on the great illustrators of the mid-nineteenth century, Joseph Pennell pointed out that, in many of them, the similarity to Rossetti is wedded to a reminiscence of the school of Dürer. And the tendency to show exactly that dual influence is a salient one still, being exemplified by Reginald Savage, and by E. J. Sullivan, masterly in his drawings for Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women"; while in the work of Sturge Moore, whose "Siegfried" illustrations are in themselves enough to place him in the front rank of living artists, there dwells often the veritable spirit of the old Teutonic masters. They inevitably cross the memory again at sight of Alan Wright's strong studies in the grim, another man who treats beautifully of this last, and of the grotesque, being Austin Spare, who, largely a self-illustrator, and dowered with a singular richness in original ideas, is unquestionably among the

greatest contemporaneous experts in black-and-white. He has even been hailed by many of his idolaters as "the modern Beardsley," but, waiving Spare's predilections aforesaid, together with his inclination to impropriety, it is hard to see any true resemblance between him and his brilliant predecessor, who yet has kindled emulation widely.

Beardsley's scholarly art, recalling so

King, and to Miss Annie French, whose craftsmanship, in various of her little pictures for old ballads, has a charm making every particle claim microscopic study. On the other hand W. Peploe, whose illustrations include some to Ernest Dowson and Arthur Symonds, some to poems by himself, utilizes both of Beardsley's styles. And often, when employing the simple one, he will place his scanty details in a way as



SOUVENIR OF VALASQUEZ

ERNEST H. R. COLLINGS

many great things wrought before his day, is roughly divisible into two classes. Enamoured of bold masses of black when he illustrated "Salome," and "Mlle. de Maupin," he likewise sought simplicity in his "Morte d'Arthur" series. But, later, he was wont to decorate intricately each inch of his space, as in his drawings for his own, inimitable story, "Under the Hill." And it is his work in this lapidarian manner which has proved influential to Miss Jessie

exquisitely eurythmic as the master ever compassed; while numerous of his drawings in which the entire surface is diapered with minute delineation of inherently beautiful objects—fans, candlesticks, rich brocades, all chosen with infallible taste—may with no extravagance be compared to Beardsley's analogous works. Only, be it observed, Peploe remains deeply individual always, summoning the conviction that his close likeness to a superb forerunner is not



the result just of his having wisely studied him, but of his possessing a real esoteric kinship with him. Miss French's relations and Miss King's to Beardsley approximate those of Boucher to Watteau—Boucher, who accepted Watteau's formula implicitly, yet nowhere suggests any genuine *rapprochement* with the actual sentiment of his idol—whereas Peploe's art reveals exactly the things uttered in Beardsley's:

elegance, while though Hugh Thomson and Brock have devoted their respective pencils mainly to the literature of the eighteenth century, each proving himself gifted with a strong historic sense, for they have finely mirrored the atmosphere of the seventeen hundreds, neither has really attained much of the grace and daintiness inalienably associated with that era. Lucien Pissarro, however, has a touch on the paper



BY ALAN WRIGHT

a dislike for the open air, a passion for the artificial, along with morbidness and neurotic leanings.

That connoisseurship which Peploe shows, in selecting the objects to occur in his more intricate drawings, gives these an exceptional refinement, which quality is the paramount one too in the more widely-known Anning Bell, being doubly precious in both men by reason of its rarity in art today. But Bell has never quite Peploe's

deft as a butterfly's alighting on a flower; and his pictures in the "Livre de Jade" of Judith Gautier (a daughter of Théophile), although in no case bigger than the average saucer, must all be acclaimed as very great works of art, so consummate is their workmanship. Like the rest of Pissarro's many illustrations, among the finest of his others being those for the Bible, and the songs of Ben Johnson, these diminutive masterpieces were printed by him at the artist's



APOTHEOSIS BY ROBERT P. BAKER

press in London, the woodblocks used being cut by himself. And skill in doing work of this sort, an invaluable skill, considering how sadly a fine drawing is apt to lose its charm when reproduced by ordinary commercial processes, is one of the assets likewise of Gordon Craig, and of James Guthrie, not to be confounded with his name sake, the present head of the Scottish Academy. Craig's unique triumph as a designer of stage-scenes, which has made him renowned in every European country, has unfairly outshone his exquisite illustrative essays, the flower of them being his frontispiece for Haldane Macfall's "Splendid Wayfaring"; while Guthrie is a true master

of landscape, for example in his Edgar Allan Poe series. In his woodland scenes he sometimes evinces a genius, not far from Corot's, for adumbrating the immemorial mystery of the forest; while sometimes, like Turner in his water-colours, he confers on a tiny page a sense of vast expanse, this lofty quality also transpiring occasionally in the work of Jack Yeats, a brother of W. B. Yeats. Mainly known by his pictures in Synge's now famous book, "The Aran Islands"; he has in actuality been a remarkably fecund illustrator, having contributed much in that capacity to "The Broadside," a journal printed manually by his sisters at their Cuala Press, near



Dublin, another artist of rare gifts who has worked for Cuala publications being Miss Pamela Coleman-Smith. And, in some of Yeats' best things, there is found an unmistakably Celtic accent: that peculiar wistfulness with which the Celtic races are proverbially associated, but which, uttered so beautifully in their poetry and music, has hitherto been little expressed in the graphic arts.

Yeats is moreover a princely draughtsman, downright as Hals or Rubens or Jordans, his chalk or pencil seeming ever to obey his behest implicitly; and in this respect he contrasts sharply with R. T. Rose, whose lines are commonly of rather a halting order. But Rose's edition of the "Book of Job" is one of the most fascinating of all illustrated books, equalling if not transcending the kindred exploit of Blake, the artist having impregnated each picture with a weirdness tense as permeates the text itself, and in this bias for the weird he has two brilliant *confrères* in Ernest Collings and Sidney Sime. For Collings, whose loveliest work perhaps is his sequence for the poems of Sappho, has a passion for depicting sculpture in his pen drawings, and, occasionally, he endues them with a little of that almost oppressive feeling of silence exhaled by much great statuary, Egyptian in particular; while Sime, in various of his pictures for Eastern tales, notably Lord Dunsany's "Gods of Peganna," has truly attained what Lafcadio Hearn loved to call the "ghostliness" of the Orient. Seemingly a debtor to Piranesi and a lover of that curious anomaly in the French school, Gustave Moreau, the visionary, Sime is obviously a keen student of the Persian miniaturists themselves, obligations to them being pronounced again in the popular artist, Edmund Dulac, whose redeeming feature it is that he too has captured a hint, if merely a hint, of that Oriental wizardry. It occurs especially, and fitly, in his drawings for the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, which classic has naturally elicited nearly countless sets of illustrations, the most famous man who has essayed the task being Frank Brangwyn who has in fact done a great deal of illustrative work. But in none of it is he really successful, and the nature of his failure is noteworthy, because therein he stands in

literally symbolic relations to a host of other talented men, drawing for books. That is to say, the strong draughtsmanship which marks his paintings, his etchings and lithographs is by no means absent from his illustrations, which cannot be assailed either as faulty in design; and where they fail is just in being rather too real, mere simulations of ordinary life, virtually without insignia of imaginative or emotional capacity.

For to repeat, the true writer perpetuates things only as they appeared in times when his heart was deeply stirred. And the great illustrations are those alone which, besides possessing a decorative beauty, have emanated manifestly from the artist having known feelings kin with those uttered in the pages he adorns, by virtue of which inspiration he has charged his pictures with something far beyond reality: that persuasive element which robes all "Through the Magic Door."

## A DRAWING BY EDMUND C. TARBELL

The Guild of Boston Artists which has its own very charming show rooms at 162 Newbury street, Boston, presents every year to each associate member a print of a drawing or etching by a well known Boston artist. These are fine fac-similies and very choice possessions. The subject selected for reproduction and distribution this year was the drawing by Edmund C. Tarbell reproduced through the courtesy of the Guild, as a frontispiece to this number of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART.

That Mr. Tarbell is an accomplished draftsman all are aware but few have had the privilege of seeing his drawings, made, most often, in a preliminary way as sketches and studies for his paintings. To students of art and to those who delight in art's most subtle expressions these are of the utmost interest and value. The drawings by the old masters are today counted most precious in our art heritage. The Guild of Boston Artists is therefore rendering a real service in preserving and making better known such works by our contemporary artists.



ZINNIAS

HENRIETTA M. SHORE

## MODERN ART AND SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

BY MABEL URMY SEARES

NO one has yet painted the Pacific Coast country as it first appears to the Eastern tourist. Whether he enters by climbing the snowy Sierra, past Tahoe's blue lake and down into fertile valleys full of aquarelles; or whether he comes through the southern desert-gate into a glittering land of broken color and sunlight, the newcomer is conscious of a desire to represent, or procure for the enlightenment of others, some of the glowing pictures he alone has seen with adequate appreciation.

The misty land of the north coast, and the enchanting stretch of alternating fog and sunshine from Humboldt to Ventura have long been represented in the tonal school of painting. The nocturne, the gray day picture, or the glorious water colors of the Dutch and Scottish schools are most effective for the subjects here discovered.

William Keith and Sidney Yard have thus painted in the past. Arthur Matthews, Francis McComas, and the long line of San Francisco painters are showing what can be done in oil and water-color in this

great region, boundless in its variety as a sketching ground.

But not until the advent of broken color, brilliant contrasts and direct painting from nature in its modern high key has the tourist's own little section on the southern part of the State found true interpretation.

Painter after painter has passed through it, carrying his low-toned, paint box north and pronouncing the blazing, all-revealing light unpaintable. Looking the problem directly in the face, it is clear that the sunny brightness of the scene and the semi-tropical evidence of its continuance are the things which make the strongest appeal to all who are attracted to this tourist's playground.

Even with the score or two of tonal painters who have worked there, the effort to represent the crystal clearness of the atmosphere is seen to be in response to a deep-seated, primitive impulse which also lies back of the gaudy "souvenirs" of favorite local hucksters.

Here, if anywhere in the United States, is found a native and natural art impulse.





GIRL WITH GUITAR

COURTESY OF WILLIAM MACBETH

RICHARD E. MILLER

It is evinced all through the shops and galleries, from crude and ignorant attempts to represent the luscious orange or the unpaintable *eschscholtzia*, up to a Wachtel, like the "Land of Golden Light," a Benjamin Brown replete with glowing color, or one of William Wendt's flat decorations cut from the sunny landscape.

The mass of garish, badly executed "souvenirs" displayed at railway stations, tourist's bazaars, and gift shops is a commentary on the low-water mark of art standards in this country, but it is also a gaudy straw that points the way to the real function of our modern art in the hands of technically trained men and women. At its true source in the demands of a whole people, American art has here something

definite to express, and opportunely, modern art has arrived as its answer.

No subject could be more appropriate to the high key, the dash and sparkle of the new school of painting than the restless, sunny environment of these very shops of "souvenirs," so crude and impossible except as masses in some modern scheme of complementary colors.

In the little artificial towns with their miles of concrete walks and bordering palm trees, the red-tiled roofs and gleaming plastered walls give to the modern painter inspiration in striking contrasts. The rows of fern-topped balustrades, the pools and pergolas of formal gardens crowd upon his vision, and the gay beds of flowers, springing up week after week all winter, drive him



THE PLAZA—BALBOA PARK, SAN DIEGO

COURTESY OF THE KANST ART GALLERY

MAURICE BRAUN





THE CALIFORNIA COAST

BENJAMIN C. BROWN

on to new achievement. All the pent-up love of blossoms which in the colder climates housed through the winter months a tiny calla, fuschia, or geranium, seems here to make a great outpouring of its passion in the form of pathways lined with callas, and hedges of red geranium. The scarlet eucalyptus and the pink crepe-myrtle mingle with palms and evergreens in unrestrained contentment. Under the drooping pepper trees, and over fences, walls and embankments trail in wide profusion the bright geranium-ivy and the dazzling crimson ice-plants.

The rich may have their well-kept lawns and their stately formal gardens, but the bright flowers that love the sun are here for all who care to plant and water them. From ranunculus to zinnias, the bright procession of sun-flowers, heliotropes and trumpetvines, nasturtiums, marigolds and hollyhocks, roses, stocks and violets, bloom all the year round along the walks, the lanes, and country highways.

Here is a cottage covered with cape jasmine and fuschia, and there another smothered in a great rose-vine. The scarlet of the fish geranium, mounting to the top of porch or pergola meets there the flaming magenta of the bouganvillea vine, both blazing and blushing at the encounter and striking a discord fit to grace the canvas of a wild extremist.

In the flower markets, great piles of violets appeal to sight and scent alike or masses of carnations and long stemmed chrysanthemums in golden gorgeousness light up the unused doorways of downtown buildings and make the dusty city glow with their splashes of pure color.

Nor do even the offices of brokers and land dealers wear the staid and solemn look so customary in other places, but adding to the brightness of the scene, they pile their windows with oranges, olives, samples of the beautiful polished redwood or eucalyptus, sparkling ores, or great glass jars of luscious peaches, apricots and pears.



"HUNTING-BUFFALO"

HELENA DUNLAP

Surely the cities of Asia and the eastern side of Europe dazzle no more the eyes of travellers, than does this tourist-pleasing group of cities by the western sea. For here they are, these very Orientals, with their shimmering rugs and Kalims, and their shops are even lower in key than are the postal card displays, the painted orange plaques and poinsettia pillows! Next to a doorway hung with fezzes of red felt and a cloth of gold embroidered thick with crescents, stands a fruit stall piled with polished red and yellow apples, lemons, green and purple grapes, strawberries, and the rich red persimmons. Here the Mexican or Japanese vegetable vender has

stacked his crisp and curling lettuce, great bouquets of celery or pyramids of artichokes, deep purple eggplant and close by, long slender carrots, washed and shining.

Not alone in the cities but out along the trolley lines this scintillation of bright color still attracts the tourist. Ostrich farm and moving picture village, alligator pool, and Japanese tea-gardens, offer their stores of workmanship and color. Along the shore the "beach towns" furnish the painter with a wealth of high-keyed subjects. As a setting for the gaily costumed bathers, the brilliant sunshine on hot sand and flashing waters make subjects worthy of the brush of Zuloaga or Sorolla.





ROSARIO GOMEZ

HENERITTA M. SHORE

Along the "Pike" at Long Beach, the auction shops of Chinese and Japanese importers add their quota of local color. Japanese umbrellas, lanterns, paper cherry-blossoms, tinkling wind-bells, and a thousand toys and trinkets figure profusely in the trimmings of the season and beguile the pleasure-seeker into the open air bazaars and furnish *motifs* for the painter.

Wet weather does not often or for long darken this brilliant pageant but gives a new sparkle to the trees and the washed pavements. The soft green hills of winter are keyed up to yellow against the blue of the fresh sky and the fields of mustard are the despair of painters.

Richard Miller has been the first of the modern French-American school to discover that as a sketching ground this place is as beautiful as France and unusually adapted to the modern painter's methods. His presence has been a great inspiration to a group of local painters who for several years have been in revolt against the use of the old palette in depicting this pre-eminently sunny climate. Lately a "Society of Modern Painters" has been formed which gave an exhibition in Los Angeles and showed what can be done to answer to the natural enthusiasm of the desert's winter lovers.

Robert Henri, painting in Arizona, sent



SUNSHINE AND POPPIES

C. P. TOWNSLEY

to this exhibition one of his brilliant portraits painted at a single sitting. Victor Higgins contributed a beautiful Indian still life, and Walter Ufer, a desert painting. But the subjects chosen by the local artists more fully illustrate the opportunity afforded modern methods. Richard Miller's brilliant little picture of a garden set a high standard and formed the center for a buzzing group of artists who for years had had no opportunity to see what France and her painters had been doing.

Though not carried far enough in skillful execution, the work of the younger painters emphasized the idea of brilliant painting for a brilliant country. To reproduce it in black and white is however almost impossible.

Bright-cheeked children and carefully studied color combinations marked the numerous paintings by Henrietta Shore; two examples of whose work are illustrated

herewith; and the serious work of Karl Yens expressed itself in homey, everyday genre pictures.

Bert C. Cressey took advantage of the hanging rows of peppers in a Mexican garden and Mrs Cressey made charming color schemes of turkeys in a barn yard or of a fisher's shanty on the yellow sands.

Helena Dunlap showed excellent Indian portraits, and Grace Ravlin, Rex Slinkard and Jack Stark gave their interpretation of the semi-desert, semi-tropical country as expressed in modern art.

Perhaps, most typical of California, herself, cool in her mountain snows and sparkling in her joy of life along the mild Pacific, are Edgar Kellar's soft Sierra snow scene and his "Day at Santa Monica." For Edgar Kellar is a real Californian and the spirit of the land is his by birthright as well as by the right of a discovery that claims all California for Modern Art.



## NEW YORK CITY IN 1826

*Its architecture, art exhibitions, opera, etc., as described in the unpublished diary of a Virginia lady, who visited it on a pleasure trip, made in the company of relatives, from Winchester, Virginia, to Niagara Falls, in the summer of 1826.*

August 6th, 1826.

WE left New Brunswick this morning at 5 o'clock in the Emerald steam boat; descended the Raritan. The country on each shore of the river is very beautiful indeed. The most productive and extensive meadows I ever saw; the stacks of hay were literally like small mountains when I contrast them with those of our country, and you know we have no scarcity in that way. We passed Amboy and Elizabethtown. The latter I was told was considered one of the most beautiful towns in the country. Afterwards Newark was to be seen at a distance on an elevated situation.

We passed Staten Island, and in a short time began to approach the harbor of New York. Well has it been praised for its extent, convenience and the magnificence of the prospect it presents to the eye. Never had I formed in my imagination the most distant idea of the sublimity of the scene before me. Passing up the bay we had a beautiful view of Governor's Island, a sweet little spot, and the celebrated "Castle Garden," which has more the appearance of enchantment than reality. It is encircled with a wall of considerable height, within which the tops of the interior buildings are seen just peeping above, and the national standard proudly waving from the turret. It is approached from the shore by a bridge.

The harbor was crowded with vessels of every description, and bearing colors from almost every nation, from the immense seventy-four, the neat and compact merchantman, to the smallest boat bearing produce to market.

An excursion into the city realizes everything that its grand entrance promises. It must certainly be one of the grandest and most splendid cities in the United States. Our lodgings were a considerable distance up Greenwich street, and to my poor inexperienced mind it appeared as if I should never reach them. \* \* About

sunset we took a walk on the battery; it affords a fine water prospect, and appears to be the resort of the fashionable part of society. The streets were lighted ere we returned home by Broadway, which looked beautiful although all the shops were shut. Christ Church, where Bishop Hobart preaches, is in this street. It is a stately edifice with massive columns in front.

Monday, August, 7, 1826.

This morning we set out with the intention of visiting some of the places of public amusement. We first took a view of the City Hall, a splendid building, the exterior a most beautiful pure white, but I think it would have been more elegant had the center building been one story higher; the height does not correspond with the extent of the building. There are two wings attached to the center. We were conducted through the apartments by a very decent female. The first room we entered was the Governor's room, furnished very handsomely and adorned with the portraits of several great men, among others that of LaFayette, as large as life, and executed in a masterly style. The next apartment we visited was the Mayor's room. It had a beautiful arched ceiling that gave it a high and elegant appearance; here also were some fine paintings, one of our revered Washington, at full length, and an old-fashioned looking gentleman, uncle to the present governor Clinton of the same name. There was an antiquated chair in the room that was said to have been occupied by Washington, during some period of his power, but when or where I cannot tell, but I seated myself in it and thought I felt wonderfully dignified. We next went to the top of the building by ascending innumerable steps, there is a fine view of the city from it. The city is said to cover a space of ten miles. I contemplated the extensive prospect with great delight and could not but admire one striking and beautiful feature, that is the

innumerable spires of the different churches, rising majestically from their domes.

The next place that attracted our attention was the Museum. Were I to describe everything I saw there I should fill a volume. The birds of every description were in a beautiful and a most perfect state of preservation, every kind of beast, reptile and insect that can be imagined, and even a perfect skeleton of a noted pirate. The variety of shells and sea weeds is very beautiful.

We next visited the Academy of Fine Arts, this was a mental feast to the connoisseur; the paintings were exquisite. The first one that attracted my attention was King Lear in a fit of distraction; the next "Ophelia's Madness," she is represented as a very beautiful female, dressed in the most graceful manner. The room containing the statues I took a very hasty view of: there is something revolting to the nature of a female to see so much nudity. Altho' it being my first opportunity of seeing the perfection of sculpture I could not enjoy it as I did the contents of the other rooms. The Apollo Belvedere, The Venus di Medici, and the Three Graces, and also a sleeping babe, attracted my attention. There was a little boy in the attitude of picking a splinter from his foot with a pin that appeared like real life.

We next went to the institution of the deaf and dumb, but there was a vacation of the school, we therefore did not see the scholars.

Before returning to our lodgings we went to the Rotunda, which contained the Panorama of Athens, a superb view of that once great city now in ruins. It is extremely interesting to view the different scenes the prospect presents, the ruins of a tomb of one of the ancient kings, a group of Turks in their costume, one of which the governor, the temple of Minerva, the road to Marathon, celebrated in ancient history; Mount Hymettus famous for its honey, the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, a distant view of the Island of Salamis famous for the birthplace of Solon and Euripides, and a great naval victory obtained by the Greeks over the fleet of Xerxes, fought near its shores, and many other views of equal interest.

After night we took a walk to Castle

Garden, it commands a fine water prospect, and contains many beautiful plants, among others the night blooming Cereus. The clouds threatened rain and the garden was not illuminated with its accustomed brilliancy. There were a few gas lights that were extremely beautiful, one particularly in the center, a very large lantern containing bright circles of the little flames, gradually diminishing in size from the bottom to the top.

Tuesday, August 8th, 1826.

Today we called to see the celebrated picture of Bonapart's Coronation, by David. It is an immense group of persons, more I believe than one hundred, all the principal nobility of France, in the rich costume and habiliments of their respective dignity. The Emperor Napoleon is represented as placing the crown on the Empress Josephine after taking it from the altar and crowning himself. She is in a kneeling position, very beautiful, and dressed in a very splendid manner. Pope Pius the seventh is also present surrounded by his cardinals and clergy. It is said to be the largest picture ever painted, being 32 feet high and 22 long. Almost all the faces are said to be perfect likenesses; they are all full size also.

Wednesday, August 9, 1826.

The first object that came under our consideration this morning was shopping and that is an important business with ladies, we however at last suited ourselves in that way entirely to our satisfaction, and in taking a turn up Nassau Street called at Thorburn's Garden. There was a beautiful open blaze of hot house plants, all neatly labelled, many that I had never seen before. I purchased some rare flower roots.

Returning home to dinner, we held a consultation about going to the opera. The ladies were unanimous in declaring for the measure, and consequently carried the point. We therefore put on our best looks and took our seats in a box delightfully situated. Never were my feelings more pleasantly excited than on hearing the singing. No human being can form an idea of the power and pathos of the



Italian vocal music, or of the perfection to which the human voice is capable of being brought. Although I did not understand one word of the language yet so expressive were the tones and gestures that I could with readiness understand the whole plot of the play. It was *Il Don Giovanni*, poetry by Da Ponte—music by Mozart. I assure you it was an exquisite treat to my musical taste, I was more gratified than with any recreation I have met with since my arrival at New York. Madam Malabrand is a lovely, interesting little creature.

Thursday, August 10, 1826.

Today we visited Thorburn's Garden again, I examined the plants minutely—having more leisure than on my former visit. You know I am a devotee to the culture of plants, and would spend much of my time in that occupation were it perfectly at my own disposal, but it is wisdom in those who are bound to buy, I therefore purchased some roots that I thought rare and hied to my lodgings, for the purpose of refreshing myself for the evening's recreation. That proved somewhat new; we attended Castle Garden for the purpose of seeing Mr. Robertson ascend in a balloon. Just at the moment when expectation was on tiptoe, and everything appeared in a state of preparedness an unfortunate rent took place in the balloon, owing to the carelessness of one of the attendants, and in an instant it flew in a thousand directions. This appeared indeed a moment of anxiety. The poor creature, as if desirous of completing his engagement, entreated the bystanders to loosen the cord that confined the balloon to which the car was attached, in which he and an interesting young friend were to ascend. I felt delighted when I saw the mutilated machinery take its departure for I really thought the life of a fellow creature was preserved by it. And then such an uproar ensued as I never have seen or had an idea of, some crying out loudly for their money, while others were excusing him. Positively I thought the mob would have torn him to pieces. The civil authority however lent its timely aid and protected him, and by promises of refunding their money, and some conciliatory

address that I could not hear, being far from him, the riot was quelled and all things restored to perfect order. It had rained slightly during the latter part of the evening, and we returned to the house hoping for an entire cessation, but the clouds were adverse, the rain increased every moment and at length poured in torrents. We finally determined to take a hack that we found in waiting at the entrance of the garden, and returned home literally half drowned. However taking all things into consideration I was pleased that I was present for I could form some idea of a city mob; such a terror to a backwoods person. And I saw the night blooming *Cereus* very nearly in perfection, the blossom was partly expanded, and as beautiful as the most fanciful imagination could form.

Friday, August 11, 1826.

Promenaded the city this morning and were very near losing our contemplated trip northward in the steamboat "Constitution." However, after much hurry and confusion we took a temporary leave of our good friends, and left the wharf about ten o'clock and commenced our sail up the noble Hudson.

The banks of this river present to the delighted eye everything that is grand and sublime in nature, and indeed everything that the glowing imagination of the poet, or the fancy of a painter, could desire. We passed the Highlands as they are called about two o'clock. They are well calculated to fill the mind with awfully sublime ideas of the wonderful hand of nature, immense precipices of rocks rise on each side of the river to an incredible height and the passage is so narrow and the cliffs so high as to cast a gloom over the face of nature even at midday. This effect might have been peculiar to this day, as the clouds were flitting in every direction, after we could sit comfortably on deck, whilst within the short space of a mile or two, among the hills, the rain descended in gentle showers, and moved gracefully from plain to plain.

About 4 o'clock we passed West Point, a place celebrated in the history of the Revolutionary War. This was the strong

hold contemplated by the traitor Arnold to be given up to the enemy, which would have given them a decided advantage. This catastrophe was prevented by the timely arrest of the interesting Major André and his final execution. It is a beautifully sequestered spot situated on the west bank of the river, and appears admirably calculated for the purpose it is now dedicated to, that is the training and educating of youths for the defense of our country. The military school established here and under the immediate superintendence of government is in high report.

There are a number of beautiful villages situated on each bank. The peculiarly beautiful situation of Newburg attracted

my attention, it stands on a gentle slope gradually rising from the river. A little farther north on the west bank Kingston is situated, a romantic village three miles from the landing. On nearing the port, as the seamen term it, a small boat was lowered from the side of the Constitution in which the passengers were to be landed. My feelings on being obliged to enter it from an almost perpendicular flight of steps were somewhat similar to those I felt on first entering the steam boat, and I can assure you of no ordinary sort. Never did I feel more terror, it was like consigning one's self to the mercy of the watery element. The captain, a polite man, steered the boat and landed us in perfect safety.

## CALIPHATE RUGS

BY CHURCHILL RIPLEY

WHAT are Caliphate rugs? How do they differ from Ispahans, Indo-Persians and Damascus rugs? These questions with many others of similar nature come to one who endeavors to distinguish between the fine points that stand as silent testimony for the craft of the weaver in past centuries. Writers have called certain rugs by different names at different times.

Over a hundred years ago a confession was made by Albert Vander Puks a great art critic who wrote: "Since the publication of the previous criticism serious study has shown the necessity of correcting in one or another particular statements already advanced."

We do not possess historical proof as yet of many things that seem to carry evidence in themselves. Only as one student after another brings critical study to bear on art questions can opinions be compared and facts established.

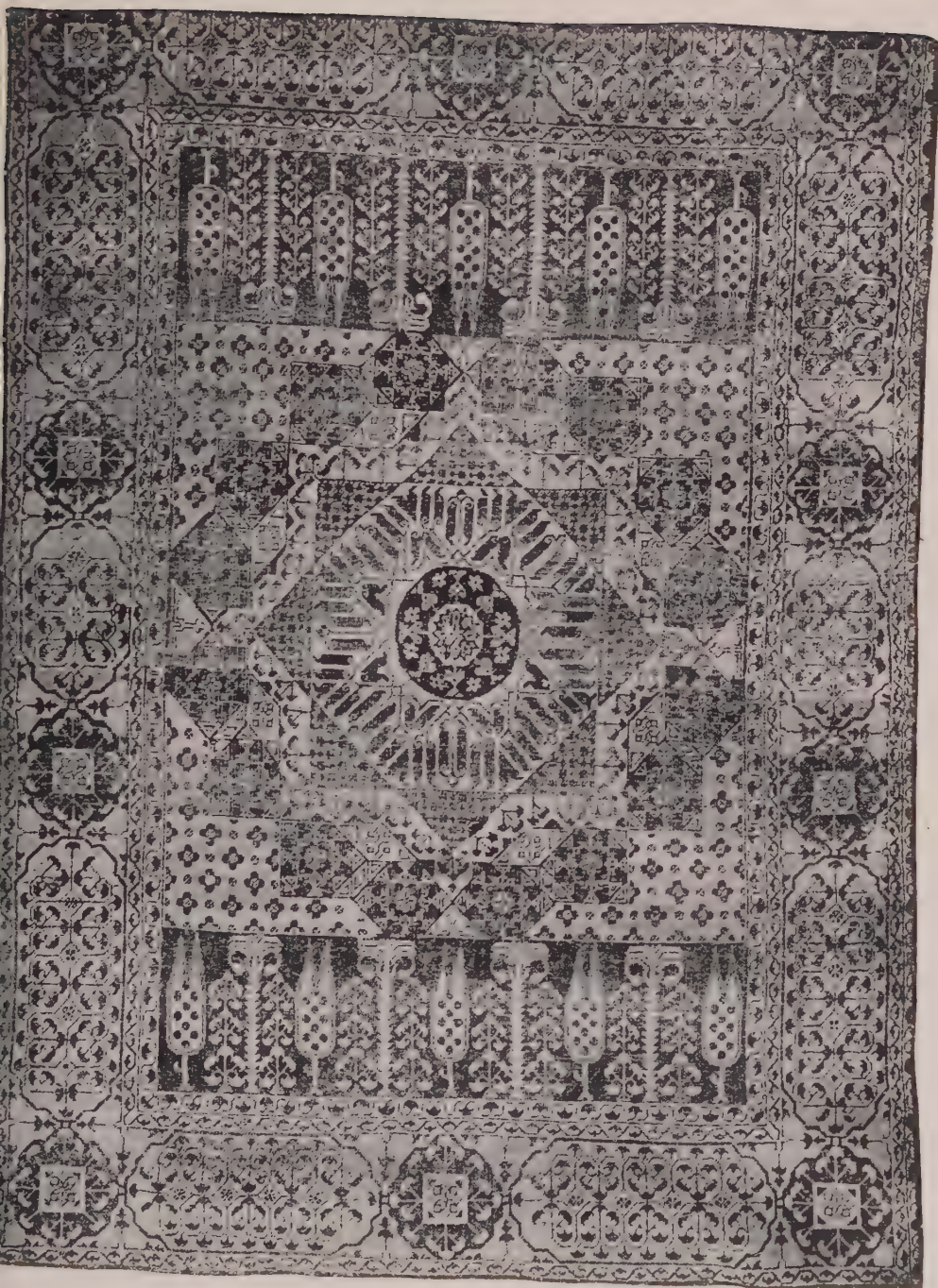
A well known rug in the South Kensington Museum has been called by one expert an "Arab" rug, by another, "Moorish" and by still another "Saracenic." This is readily understood by those who know

that wherever the Arab travelled he carried with him not only his own native styles but those as well that he borrowed from every nation and people he conquered, so that a Saracenic style evolved which in other words is a Mohammedan style.

In some places it was of Turkish nature, in other Moorish, etc., etc. A Saracenic rug therefore might be at the same time a Moorish rug made by an Arab dwelling in Morocco, or by one living in Spain, so that several names might correctly be used for the same rug. This will explain why rugs that have appeared on exhibition from time to time in New York have been catalogued at one time as "Turkish" at another as "Syrian" and later the same rugs have been placed on sale as "Saracenic rugs of the sixteenth century."

The special type under consideration differs from Persian-Portuguese and Ispahan rugs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in that the warp is invariably of wool. The quality of this wool is somewhat unusual. After having once been carefully examined it is quite impossible to mistake it for any other. It has a certain wiry nature and at the same time is as soft





A DAMASCUS CALIPHATE RUG

STAR WORSHIPPERS DESIGN

as Kerman wool. Of it the so called "Caliphate rugs" were made. These rugs were introduced to the buying public in New York not many years ago by the Benguiat Brothers. At that time no rugs resembling them had been offered at public sale. Since that time a few have been shown and those who were interested in them have become more or less familiar with them. Of them Mr. Benguiat says

"These rugs were invariably of a geometrical pattern involving probably some mathematical emblem of remote ages. They are woven in three colors, red, blue and green—red for day, blue for night and green for holiness. The design comes down to us from earliest antiquity, being of Chaldean origin and especially used first by star worshippers and later by astronomers and magi of the East.

The large star medallion has eight triangles. About the central ornament are fir and palm leaves symbolizing everlasting life. Arrow-like heads point to the four cardinal directions."

Early star worshippers are said to have used this device in marking off the sand floors of their tents, long before it was ever copied by weavers. As compliment to early Caliphs the design may have been adopted as belonging to the revered past. Later through the centuries, when desiring to use a most important design, weavers, without doubt, have reverted again and

again to this time honored and significant "Caliph pattern."

Weavers skilled in every Syrian art went with their craft across Northern Africa into Spain after the Mohammedan conquests. Rugs were woven by them and by native weavers taught by them in Cairo, Algiers, Morocco and Spain during the early years of Saracenic supremacy and rugs then made have been copied through the centuries. There were certain local peculiarities in the weave of the rugs made that differentiated them from Syrian rugs and from each other.

After analysis of the materials of which such rugs were made as have come down to modern times, and close comparison of the rugs woven in Syria with those made in Northern Africa and in Spain, the opinion is forced upon the student that the so called Caliphate rugs were made in Syria. They may be called either "Damascus" "Syrian" or "Caliphate" rugs, either name would apply.

As nearly then as we can classify the rugs under consideration and describe them with a reasonable degree of accuracy, they are rugs made of the finest Syrian wool in the region of Damascus, bearing one or another famous design that may have been used in the past for a great dignitary or Caliph. None of the important designs copied by Damascus weavers is of greater significance than that historic device known as the "Star worshippers' design."

## PENNELL'S WAR WORK LITHOGRAPHS

A SERIES of lithographs by Joseph Pennell of War Work in America was finished late in October and on the first of November placed on exhibition in the National Gallery of Art, National Museum, in Washington, D. C. Almost simultaneously additional similar sets were placed on view in the Brooklyn Museum, the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, the St. Louis Art Museum; the Detroit Museum of Art; the Cleveland Art Museum; the Art Museum of Los Angeles; the John Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis; the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, and in Youngstown, Ohio.

The exhibition in Washington was held

under Government auspices and opened formally by the Secretary of the Navy.

The series comprises fifty drawings made by special permission of the Government in navy yards, munition plants, shell factories, arsenals, camps and aviation fields. They are all approximately 22 by 28 inches in dimensions and they have the appearances of charcoal drawings.

They are full of detail and yet exceedingly simple. Each is a complete composition, but the pictorial sense has not prevented Mr. Pennell from bearing witness to the bigness and to the importance of the work that is being done. It is the Wonder of Work that has enthused him



and that he has set forth. The great machines are to him of the same interest and the same inspiration as the Greek temples, the Gothic cathedrals.

In the introduction to the catalogue of this series of drawings he says: "I have had more opportunities of seeing what is being done in War Work in England, France and the United States than any one else—and in a fashion that no one else has been permitted to see—war in the making. Yet I do not do these drawings with any idea of helping to win the war, but because for years I have been at work—from my earliest drawings—trying to record Wonder of Work and work never was so wonderful as it is today, and never had any one such facilities—such aid, such encouragement given him to record its wonder—and by the Governments of the three great countries which are engaged in this incredibly horrible, absolutely unnecessary war.

"Not only have I seen the Wonder of Work in these three lands today—but before the war I saw it in Belgium, Germany and Italy. I have drawn it everywhere, save in Luxembourg, and there too, I have seen it—but made no drawings—for it was so easy to get to that land—and so that country was put off for a more convenient season—a season I fear which will never come again. I am not going to make comparisons—but I am going to say that the Wonder of Work is more wonderful in the United States than anywhere else in the world today.

"It is the working of the great machinery in the great mills which I find so inspiring, so impressive, for the mills are shrines of war, though the churches now try to rival them. But the mills are the modern temples and in them and not in the churches do the people worship. And if only the engines turned out more engines of peace—how much better would the world be, but everything made in a war factory is made to destroy and to be destroyed, only one must not think of that, if one did, the war would stop, and not everyone wants it to stop—or it would stop. But war work in America is the most wonderful work in the world and that is the reason why I have drawn some of the work I have seen—seen in these endless looms of time, where

history is being woven, and I have also seen the aeroplanes and the camps and the ship yards and all are amazing."

Commenting upon the various drawings Mr. Pennell gives hints of the difficulties under which he worked, of the interest that was shown in his work by the workmen and of the keen pleasure that he found in it. "I have never passed," he says, "such an interesting, such an exciting, such a varied year in my life."

It is really a monumental accomplishment. This American series with the English series, made within the last twelve months in the midst of the fever and high tension of war not only shows what an artist can do, but it makes one stop and think. What does it all mean, how will it all end? Will a machine with all its power and inhumanity dominate and eventually crush out man despite his divine potentialities?

Mr. Wells in his introduction to the British set calls attention to this fact and says, "The conclusion is obvious that if we cannot contrive to put an end to war, blacknesses like these, enormities and flaries and towering threats will follow in the track of the "tanks" and come trampling over the bickering confusion of mankind."

In many respects these drawings of Mr. Pennell's are more significant than any war pictures that have yet been produced.

How much skill it has taken to make such drawings only those who have had some personal experience can appreciate. They are so elaborate and at the same time so simple. They tell their story at a glance and yet the themes are in most instances very complicated and really gigantic. They have been rendered with precision and also directness. From the artistic standpoint they are a triumph.

Following the exhibitions in the places already named they will be shown in: Providence, Milwaukee, Rochester, Pasadena, Norman, Atlanta, Denver, Worcester, Grand Rapids, Cincinnati, Leland Stanford Junior University, Columbus, Syracuse, New Bedford, Pittsburgh, Fort Worth, Norfolk, and other cities under State and Government auspices, through arrangements with the American Federation of Arts.

# THE BARNARD LINCOLN

## AN OPEN LETTER

WASHINGTON, D. C., November, 1917.

TO THE EDITOR

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART:

Please allow me to thank you for your endeavor to prevent having Mr. Barnard's statue of Lincoln copied and erected in London and Paris, grounding your plea upon the request of Mr. Lincoln's son.

Besides the discourtesy to Mr. Robert Lincoln which the erection of this statue would involve, there is an objection to it, of which, owing to its being somewhat less obvious than are others, I have not yet seen any mention. It involves the violation of a principle that I happen to have been trying for many years, especially in my book on "Painting, Sculpture and Architecture as Representative Arts," to get artists and art-critics to recognize more clearly than they do. The principle is that, especially in the human form, but also in natural scenery and architecture, every color and outline, as well as "Every little movement has a meaning of its own." One need not carry this principle to extremes in order to realize that while Mr. Barnard's statue would be interesting and important if presented as an ideal with another name, to attach Lincoln's name to it is artistically as well as historically, and, in a sense, morally wrong. Lincoln, when living, was a man who had high square shoulders and habitually carried his head in a bending attitude with the brow forward. The Barnard statue is that of a man with sloping shoulders carrying his head erect with the brow thrown back and the chin, if anything, forward. One who has read even carelessly works like those of Lavater, Gall or Delsarte will recognize that these different effects in form and pose are necessarily significant of different mental characteristics. An expert, too, would feel justified in saying that, by accurately reproducing the exact appearance of Lincoln the statue of St. Gaudens at Chicago had represented a man whose broad sympathy, humility of spirit, and feeling of responsibility to and for others were so balanced by independent, advanced and, at the same time, compre-

hensive thinking, that he could become just the conservative yet radical leader of public opinion that Lincoln was. The man represented in Mr. Barnard's statue might have had excellent qualities for work of a different kind from Lincoln's. But unless these qualities had been counterbalanced by traits not indicated in his appearance, he would have joined the popular cry and made war upon England over the Mason and Slidell affair; and would have followed his own conceptions and emancipated the slaves long before the pro-slavery party of the North had been prepared to consider the measure an act of justice.

The clothing in the Barnard statue is also misrepresented. Lincoln was a man of great common sense, flexible to the effects of outward influence, as shown in his superlative tact and was at all times a master of details. All these traits would have prevented him at any time in his life from being so heedless of the impression that he might convey to others as to allow himself to suggest the untidiness and unthrif depicted in the Barnard statue.

I happen to be able to back this theory with reference to what he would do with the testimony of fact. In 1856, I think—at least long before the debates with Douglas—my father was a member of an Illinois State Convention. He came back to Chicago which was then his home, full of admiration for a man named Lincoln from whom he had heard a speech. "That man," he said, "will be President some day—at least, if I can bring it about." My father was a very conservative old line whig, inclined to be aristocratic in his tastes. He never would have supposed one who looked like Mr. Barnard's statute a fit candidate for the Presidency. In fact, the country has never chosen such a man for its highest office. It has had millions of men who have risen to prominence after starting out as "rail splitters" or "canal drivers." It is the glory of our country that this is the case, that our institutions, to an extent not possible in most monarchies make it so. But this fact does not justify erecting the statue of a "rail splitter" and labeling it an "American President." By



the time a man has become a President he has also become a presentable, if not, in every regard, a cultivated and finished gentleman.

Sometime after the Convention of which I have spoken, Mr. Lincoln visited Chicago, and my father took me to see him. In that visit, curiously enough, in view of the testimony that I am trying to use now, I noticed particularly how Mr. Lincoln was dressed; and, curiously enough too, the reason for this was that the newspapers of the day had stated—very likely as an advertisement for one of the city's best tailors—that he was to wait in the city a day or two for a new suit of clothes that he had ordered. Many times after that, I saw Mr. Lincoln at the White House, and I stood within a very few feet of him when he delivered his second Inaugural. He was always well-dressed.

The truth seems to be that Mr. Barnard has taken at their surface value the political misrepresentations of him that were made at the time of his first political campaign. It is unfortunate to have them recalled now in such a way as to influence certain people—though, of course, not all of them—to discredit him, and the institutions that produced him. When I was in Germany in 1906 and found myself standing before its many statues of Frederick the Great and Bismark—two of the latter immense figures of the man almost as high as a church steeple—I found myself—even at the risk of proving to be something of a Pharisee—thank God that in my country we had no statues of men who had openly acknowledged their willingness to be mendacious, unjust, and personally doers of evil in other regards in order to promote the supposed good of their nation. That thankfulness of mine was owing to a conception that I had with reference to the influence of public statues upon the ideas of a people. Recent events have proved that my conception was right.

Any statue of Mr. Lincoln would call attention to democracy and to the good done by a man who succeeded in securing its benefits for an oppressed race. But a statue can do more than this. It can show what democracy is fitted to as for the man himself whom the statue represents. Some may doubt this. They may

think that only an expert bothers himself by trying to interpret the meaning behind form. But an expert can read only what is there; and whatever is there, millions of the people can feel and apprehend, even though they may not be able to comprehend it or the reason for it. Small boys cannot explain the meanings of gestures; but if you shake your fist at them, or point your finger, or push with your open hand, they will have no difficulty whatever in understanding what they are expected to do. Besides this, moreover, a statue of a great man should, if possible, inspire admiration and frame for the spectator an ideal. Strange as it may seem, this Barnard conception has already lead to the disparaging of Lincoln as an ideal. The *Outlook* for October 17th, in defending the statue, says: "Lincoln had a gentler and tenderer nature than Cromwell, but although he had benignity he cannot be said to have had charm."

I wish that the writer of this could have seen Lincoln. He certainly charmed my father and myself; and I had a friend particularly sensitive to esthetic influences, who, after an interview with him, never, to the end of his life, got over expressing his admiration for the refined and delicate outlines, and the beauty, as he termed it, of Lincoln's face. But such opinions are matters of taste, and, perhaps, of opportunity. In repose, Mr. Lincoln's face was not what it was when interested.

There is no justification whatever for a statue of the Great Emancipator that—not to speak of other traits—suggests no trace of "gentleness, tenderness or benignity." How any one should want to have such a misrepresentation erected anywhere is as inconceivable as is the strange inconsiderateness of those who are willing to see it erected in spite of the requests and protests of Mr. Lincoln's own family.

Very sincerely,

GEORGE L. RAYMOND.

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During October the Corcoran Gallery of Art at Washington held special exhibitions of War Cartoons by Louis Raemaekers, and of landscape paintings by Charles Rosen. In January the Zuloaga Collection will be shown.

# THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART

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## THE UTILITY OF ART: THE NECES- SITY OF BEAUTY

*A portion of an address by Mr. Fitzroy Carrington, Curator of Prints, Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and Editor of The Print-Collectors' Quarterly, made to students of the Worcester Art Museum School and others.*

"In the physical world we thrive or perish in exact ratio to our material sustenances being of a nature properly to nourish our bodies, repair waste, upbuild wasting tissues; so in the life of the spirit—not only the individual, personal life, but in that collective National life, by which alone a country can justify its existence, by which alone can it hope to continue as a Nation—it must be our constant endeavor so to replenish the store of things of Beauty; to add unceasingly to the flowering of the spirit of our time, that not only those who come after us but our contemporaries, our fellow-citizens of the world of today, shall feel our presence, and be made better and happier through that which we create for their use: The *utility* of Art; the *necessity* of Beauty in our daily life—it is this we should grasp, by this guide our footsteps in a time of hesitation and of doubt.

"We have entered upon a war which, quite aside from its military aspect, is unparalleled for the wanton destruction of masterpieces that time and man alike had held sacred—seemingly imperishable through the centuries. Revolution had not overturned

them, invasion had passed them by, wars,—Seven Years, Thirty Years, The Hundred Years War—they had survived them all, to vanish now, at this late day, swept into nothingness upon the crest of that wave of *Kultur* gone mad; in which we may read anew, written in letters of fire, and blood, and iron, a warning of the everlasting God—'man *cannot* live by bread alone'—by efficiency, control of trade, material prosperity, and the thousand and one shibboleths with which we so readily blind ourselves to the starlight of the eternal verities:

'Winds blow, and Waters roll,  
Strength to the Brave, and Power and  
Deity,

Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree  
Spake laws to them, and said that by the  
Soul

Only, the Nations shall be great and free.'

"America's contribution—I cannot doubt it—will be great and generous—of men, of money, of munitions, of food, of splendid and unselfish service in the field, the ambulance, the hospital; but neither on the battlefield nor in the nobler work of saving life, of piecing together the shattered remnants of what once was a man—so that he again may take his place as a thinking, sentient being, made in God's image—does our greatest privilege, our signal opportunity lie.

"When the warring nations, wearied, shall rest and count the cost; take stock of all that has perished past recall, will they not then turn to America in the hope that she will tend and keep brightly burning the sacramental fire upon the altar of Beauty, until such time as they may reconstruct their house and, purified in spirit, blossom in art once more, offering up their visible thanks in nobler forms than any we yet know?

"You may, perchance, call this a beautiful dream; but it is of beautiful dreams made true that we weave our web of immortality."

## CARROLL BECKWITH

In the passing on Wednesday October 24th of Carroll Beckwith another notable figure is removed from the world of art leaving a gap which will be hard to fill.

Mr. Beckwith was born in Hannibal,



Missouri, in 1852 where his parents originally from the east, spent some years. The family removed to Chicago when he was a boy and it was there that he began his studies as early as 1868 under Walter Shirlaw. Later he went to New York and worked under Professor Wilmarth at the National Academy Schools until his departure for Paris in October 1873. He entered there the "cours Yvon" at the Beaux-Arts, but shortly took up portrait painting under Carolus Duran. It was then that he made the acquaintance of John S. Sargent, a fellow student, with whom he shared a studio at 73 rue Notre Dame des Champs for four years.

In 1878 Mr. Beckwith returned to America and threw the full force of his personality and training in an effort toward strengthening and profiting American art. Almost immediately he was secured as instructor at the Art Students League and many years of his life were given to teaching.

In the eighties' he was regarded as an innovator, but in these later days he has come to be looked upon as one of the most conservative of painters. He was always a respecter of traditions and a believer in the high mission of art, and his writings on the subject have been forceful and significant. Like his friend and comrade William M. Chase, Mr. Beckwith has rendered perhaps larger service than even he knew, as a teacher, handing on to the younger generation the best he, himself, had acquired and thus upbuilding American ideals.

He was best known as a painter of portraits, though he did not confine himself exclusively to this field. He executed a number of portraits of succeeding Captains of Company K, 7th Regiment, New York. His portrait of Mr. Isaacson was shown at the Chicago and St. Louis Expositions as well as at Charleston where it received a gold medal. In the National Gallery of Art at Washington is his painting "The Blacksmith," a true portrait of one of the village worthies in Onteora, New York, where for many years Mr. Beckwith had his summer studio and home.

In the painting of women's portraits he was always specially successful. That of Mrs. Beckwith painted at full length in

furs and bonnet, which was shown in the Paris Exposition of 1900, is one of his most notable achievements. With which, however, in point of interest and merit must be mentioned "The Authoress," a very charming and subtle characterization.

Besides his portraits and figure paintings Mr. Beckwith has done quite a little mural painting. Some vanished when the Chicago Exposition buildings were demolished, but others are still to be found in the Century, Union League and other clubs of New York City and in the Hotel Martinique.

During his sojourn abroad Mr. Beckwith made a number of very remarkable copies of works by the old masters. Not slavish reproductions but literal interpretations. This collection of inestimable value to the student of art as well as of general interest, was circulated among art museums last year through Mr. Beckwith's kindness, by the American Federation of Arts.

Mr. Beckwith had a most charming personality. He lectured delightfully, he was full of life, and this vitality continued, despite failing health, to the end—when the sudden summons came.

## NOTES

AT THE  
CHICAGO  
ART  
INSTITUTE

In the Art Institute of Chicago there will be shown from November 15th to December 8th, through the kindness of Mr. Charles L.

Freer of Detroit, a selection of ancient Chinese paintings together with a few sculptures and jade objects from his world-renowned collection which has been given by him to the Nation and for the permanent housing of which a building is now being built in Washington, D. C. Although the exhibition includes but a small part of the treasures gathered by Mr. Freer, it is nevertheless the largest showing of works of the eminent Chinese painters of the T'ang (A. D. 618-906) and Sung (A. D. 960-1280) dynasties that has ever been made at any time or place. Most of the great masters are represented either by original paintings or in some instances by ancient copies, and among the pictures shown are some of the finest works by them

that are known to be in existence. The exhibition affords a rare opportunity to become acquainted with Far Eastern art at its highest stage of development and to view works by artists whose influence was so profound and far-reaching as to have been an inspiration to their successors throughout China and Japan during all the centuries since their time. The people of Chicago are fortunate that the first exhibition of pictures of such beauty and commanding importance in the history of art should be made there.

The visit of Marshall Joffe and former Prime Minister Viviani to the Art Institute of Chicago was a memorable occasion. These gentlemen paid the Art Institute the high compliment of requesting the opportunity for the visit, a request with which the Department of State gladly complied. Viviani was at one time Minister of Public Instruction in Fine Arts for France and his interest in this field was manifested by many of his utterances during the visit. One of these utterances is quoted in the *Bulletin* and should be long remembered. Pausing before a "Portrait of a Girl" by Rembrandt, M. Viviana remarked with a smile "Rembrandt was the Joffe of painters."

#### ART IN MEMPHIS

The Memphis Art Association was organized in 1914 by a group of Women of the Nineteenth Century Club under the leadership of Mrs. Isaac Reese, then president. The purpose of the organization was to bring fine exhibitions to Memphis and encourage the study of art and its history.

The first exhibition held by the Art Association was in the same year and was of unusual quality, representing some of the leading American painters. The second exhibition comprised miniatures by members of the Pennsylvania Society, the American Society and the Chicago Society of Miniature Painters.

For two years the exhibitions were held at the Nineteenth Century Club. In the meanwhile Mrs. S. H. Brooks erected the Brooks Memorial Art Gallery in memory of her husband. It is a little gem, of Grecian architecture, built of Georgian and Tennessee marble at a cost of \$115,000.

James Gamble Rogers of New York was the architect.

A contract with the Park Commission is to the effect that no permanent gift shall be accepted unless passed upon by the jury selected by Mrs. Brooks. The permanent collection had as its nucleus portraits of Mrs. and Mr. S. H. Brooks, by Cecilia Beaux. Later the Business Men's Club purchased and presented a painting "Autumn Mist" by John F. Carlson. Among recent acquisitions are "Rocky Headlands" by Frederick J. Waugh; "Rainy Day" by Childe Hassam; "Archille Girl" by Robert Henri; "The Dove" by F. Ballard Williams; "Wilton, New Hampshire" by Chauncy F. Ryder; "Brook in October" by Alfred Hutty; "Mackerel Fishing Boats" by Hayley Lever; "Memories" by Ivan Olinsky; "The Brook" by John F. Carlson and "Early Candle Light" by Birge Harrison.

The attendance at the Gallery during the past year was over 52,000. The population of Memphis is approximately 150,000.

A collection of water colors by Winslow Homer and John S. Sargent was exhibited in the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, from November 1st to 27th.

The Homer group includes some of the Houghton Farm series, the Tynemouth and Adirondack subjects and also several from the Bahama Island series. In the Sargent group are Venetian, Spanish, Swiss, Canadian Rocky Mountain, and Florida subjects. These paintings have been lent by many private collectors, notably Mrs. N. T. Pulsifer of Mountaineville, New York, Mr. Martin A. Ryerson of Chicago, Mr. Desmond FitzGerald of Brookline, Mass., Colonel Frank J. Hecker of Detroit, and also by public galleries including the Smithsonian Institution of Washington (Freer Collection), the Cincinnati Museum Association, and Brooklyn Museum and the Worcester Art Museum.

The collection will be shown during the present season in the Art Museums in Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, St. Louis and Rochester.





BERMUDA

WATER COLOR

WINSLOW HOMER

LENT BY DR. GEORGE C. WOODWARD, OPENING EXPOSITION PHILADELPHIA ART ALLIANCE

#### ART IN PHILADELPHIA

The opening of the newly acquired quarters of the Philadelphia Art Alliance at 1823-1825 Walnut Street, facing Rittenhouse Square, on October 19th was the occasion also of a private view of a comprehensive exhibition which continued until November 2d, of a collection of thirty canvases painted by the late William M. Chase assembled through the efforts of Mr. Paul King, a number of etchings and drawings by the same artist and his very interesting acquisitions of artistic jewelry, many of them figuring as accessories in his portraits and other figure subjects. A collection of water colors by the late Winslow Homer lent by Dr. George C. Woodward, the President of the Alliance, was displayed in one of the rooms, and others were devoted to an exhibition of the Arts and Crafts, including wrought iron work, wood-carving, stained glass, textiles, pottery and jewelry. Works in sculpture by Grafty, Laessle, Polasek, Dr. McKenzie and others were exhibited in the long gallery to the right on entering, most of them had already been seen in previous exhibitions. The upper story of the build-

ing is remodeled for studio purposes and is being rapidly tenanted by painters and musicians, while a restaurant and grill room add materially to the facilities of the establishment.

Official appraisement of the pictures in the John G. Johnson collection at \$4,500,000 by the experts engaged, Mr. Thomas E. Kirby and Mr. William H. Goodyear, was a surprise to everybody concerned, especially so to the city authorities designated in the will as custodians of the bequest, who found themselves confronted with the necessity of providing the sum of upwards of \$900,000 to meet Federal and State inheritance taxes, insurance and maintenance of the building and contents. This has been done, however, by the transfer of money appropriated to other municipal departments, about \$400,000 to the amount already set aside for that purpose. An agreement, by which the paintings and the house were acquired by the city, was executed October 12th by Mayor Thomas B. Smith and the Pennsylvania Company for Insurance on Lives and Granting Annuities, trustee under Mr. Johnson's

will. At the same time the Mayor signed the ordinance recently passed by Councils appropriating the additional sum required. It appears that the cost of maintenance mentioned in the terms of the bequest as \$25,000 annually, will probably be met by funds that would have been inherited by General Edward Morell, recently deceased, who, as stepson of the testator, was entitled to a share of the estate. Unusual ability and expert knowledge will be required to catalogue and properly attribute this enormous aggregation of pictures, as Mr. Johnson was not a mere purchaser of names known in the trade and suggested by the dealers, but used his own judgment matured by study and many years of experience.

Artists are gradually drifting back to their city studios from New England coast towns, from the new summer school at Chester Springs, fathered by the Pennsylvania Academy, and from nearby sketching grounds, among them the active members of the Philadelphia Sketch Club, who opened the autumn season October 13th with an exhibition of the summer's work and an address by Mr. Theophilus P. Chandler on "Architecture in Philadelphia." At the Art Club Mr. C Arnold Slade has just concluded an exhibition, mainly of Oriental subjects, that was well attended and scored a number of sales.

#### ART IN CHICAGO

Artists of Illinois in the applied and graphic arts were rallied for the November meeting of the State Federation of Women's Clubs at Sinai Temple in Chicago. With the cooperation of the Municipal Art League of Chicago, and a generous distribution of prizes at the annual Applied Arts exhibition at the Art Institute, an effort has been made to stimulate local industries in ceramics, weavings and metal work. The University of Illinois Ceramic Department is building up that industry and seeking to prove that the State of Illinois has clays suitable for the production of excellent wares, both potteries and porcelains.

The Women's Clubs of the Third Congressional District of Illinois, assembled an exhibition of handicrafts by members

of the clubs at their autumnal meeting at the Chicago Normal College. There were eighteen classes of exhibits including weaving, needlework, basketry, ceramic decoration, pottery, painting, sculpture, jewelry, illuminations, bookplates, book-bindings all of artistic worth and good workmanship having passed a jury. Director George W. Eggers of the Art Institute, Dean William Owen of the Normal College, Charles Wurst supervisor of art in the public schools, Miss Lucy Silke supervisor of art, addressed the audiences during the exhibition.

The Public School Art Society is increasing the number of its exhibit cases of foreign models among the Technical High Schools for Girls. A committee of which Miss Samuella Crosby is an active member, has assembled fine examples of European handwork, such as women's and children's garments from Italian, French, German, Danish, Swedish Norwegian, Bulgarian, Russian, Armenian and various European and Asiatic sources, as well as samples of fabrics and laces, and pieces of embroideries. From the traveled members of the Public School Art Society and their friends it has been possible to get a rare collection of models which the girls are anxious to duplicate and which establish ideals of neatness and artistic needlework. For the first time the Boys Technical High Schools have asked the Public School Art Society to assist them with similar service. The association of art committees for every school on an intimate plane with teachers and pupils has proved to be a success. The children take a greater interest in collections of pictures as well as tours to the Art Institute and are beginning to understand the part that art plays in their daily lives.

Nancy Cox McCormack, a Chicago sculptor was chosen to model panels presenting the themes "Woman in the Home" and "Woman in Civics," to decorate the club house for the Rockford Woman's Club at Rockford, Ill., of which Thomas Eddy Tallmadge of Chicago, was the architect. The panels were executed in cement and set in the walls each side of the main entrance. A female figure, draped, bearing fruit, a child at her feet, decorative bay trees on each side, represented



"Woman in the Home" and the opposite figure equally tall and well proportioned, carried the symbols of the law in her arms.

TEXTILE DESIGN COMPETITION

The Art Alliance of America has recently conducted a competition for the best, designs for fabrics for women's wear from a practical, commercial and artistic standpoint. This competition aroused much interest in the textile industries as well as among the designers. Over 1,500 designs were submitted to the jury composed of Albert Blum, of the United Piece Dye Works; Mr. Elliot, representing B. Altman & Company; W. G. Burt of Marshall Field & Company of Chicago; Milton Vogel, of Bonwit Teller & Company; E. Irving Hanson of H. R. Mallinson & Company; Charles Gowing, of Burton Brothers & Company; and M. D. C. Crawford, textile research associate, American Museum of Natural History, which met in the Galleries of the Alliance, 10 E 47th street, New York, on October 17th.

Prizes totalling \$1,000 were awarded as follows: \$250 for the design which in every way best met the requirements, to M. C. Carr of New York City. This design was suggested by the Chinese collections in the Museum of Natural History; \$150 of this was contributed by B. Altman & Company. One hundred and twenty-five dollars, the second prize, went to Alice M. Hurd of Mt. Vernon, and \$50 of this prize was contributed by Burton Brothers & Company. One hundred dollars, the third prize, went to Marguerite Zorach of New York; \$50 of this prize was contributed by Louis Roessel & Company. A special prize of \$50, offered by Burton Brothers & Company for the best design applicable to cotton goods for women's wear, was awarded to Francis F. Fulton of New York City. Four special prizes of \$50 each were awarded by Marshall Field & Company for the best decorative designs. The designs selected were by Hazel Ransom, Zita Guiterman of the Cooper Union Woman's Art School and two students in the art department of the Washington Irving High School. Eleven prizes of \$25 each were awarded to the designs applicable to silk or cotton, next in merit to the first

three prizes, and a number of honorable mentions were given.

This competition brought out the work of many new and unknown artists in addition to work from those who won prizes in both the "Women's Wear" textiles design contest and the Albert Blum contest for decorated fabrics, held last winter under the auspices of the Art Alliance, and who consequently gained commercial success. It is interesting to note that one of the \$25 prizes was awarded to Bessie Heathcote, a twelve-year old pupil in the 8th grade of Public School Number 21 of Paterson, N. J.

The pieces selected for awards reflected the present conditions—they were quiet and serious in contrast with the brilliant coloring that has been in vogue for the past few seasons.

All the designs winning prizes and honorable mentions were exhibited in the Alliance Galleries where at the same time were shown work from the Cooper Union, Winan's Art School, Pratt Institute, New York School of Fine and Applied Art, Washington Irving High School, University of California and the elementary schools of Paterson.

WISCONSIN ART

A selected exhibition of fifty paintings from the Annual Exhibition of Wisconsin Painters and Sculptors, known as the "Wisconsin Rotary," was shown in part at the Columbia County Fair, Portage and the Minnesota State Fair during the summer, and will be shown in its entirety at the meeting of the Wisconsin Federation of Women's Clubs at Madison in October. It is now being circulated through the state under the auspices of the Milwaukee Art Institute and the Art Department of the Wisconsin Federation of Women's Clubs, Mrs. M. V. O'Shea, chairman. The selection was made by a jury appointed by the Art Department, assisted by the Art Institute.

A group of paintings by four Milwaukee artists, Mabel Key, Emily Groom, Frida Gugler and Francesco Spicuzza, was shown at the John Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis in May and during the summer at the Edwards Gallery, Duluth.

The Milwaukee Art Institute announces

the following exhibitions for the present season: recent examples of the art of Hovsep Pushman; portrait impressions by Robert Reid; water colors by Marian Kavanaugh Wachtel; war lithographs by Joseph Pennell; water colors by Winslow Homer and John Singer Sargent, paintings by Warren Davis; paintings by Monticelli; etchings by Ralph Fletcher Seymour; Pictorial Photographs of America, Painter Gravers of America; paintings by Hopkins, Pearson and Symons; by Lawson and Lever; and by the Duluth group. The Annual Exhibition of Wisconsin Painters and Sculptures will be held in the spring.

PITTSBURGH ARTISTS EXHIBITION The Associated Artists of Pittsburgh held its Eighth Annual Exhibition in the Galleries of the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, October 20th to November 18th. The Jury of Selection and Award was Daniel Garber, Philadelphia Lillian Genth, New York, A. H. Gorson, Pittsburgh, Frances McCreery, Pittsburgh, E. W. Redfield, Centre Bridge, Pa.; Mrs. H. R. Scully, Pittsburgh; and President Fred A. Demmler, Pittsburgh, chairman.

One hundred and thirty-four works comprised the exhibition. Geo. W. Sotter was awarded First Honor for "Painters Mill" a successful and oft repeated subject; the Second Honor went to Samuel Rosenberg for a "Portrait," a striking characterization; Will J. Hyett, carried off Third Honor with his "Gibsonia Woodland" a sunlighted grove in summer.

This year the Special One-Man gallery was given over to 29 canvases by A. H. Gorson.

The Exhibition was of higher standard than last year, and was one of the best shows the Association has held.

ART IN DETROIT Opening December 5th, the Detroit Museum of Art will show the Annual Exhibition for Michigan Artists under the auspices of the Scarab Club. This exhibition consisting of oils, water colors, pastels, prints and sculpture brings together each year the work of some sixty painters, all of whom are or have been residents of Michigan.

A competent jury of artists passes upon the works offered for exhibition, thus keeping it up to a high standard. A number of prizes are awarded among them The Scarab Club Gold Medal, the Detroit Museum of Art prize, the Hopkins Memorial Prize and the Julius Rolshoven prize.

At the meeting of the Trustees of the Detroit Museum of Art held in October, Mr. Ralph H. Booth was elected President of the Museum, to succeed Capt. D. M. Ferry, Jr., whose service in behalf of the government makes it impossible for him to continue as active head of the institution. Mr. Booth's promotion to the presidency comes after long service in behalf of art in Detroit. He has served as a Trustee of the Museum for many years and was Vice-President at the time of his election.

During the month of November the Museum is showing special exhibitions of paintings by Frederic Clay Bartlett, and lithographs of picturesque war work by Joseph Pennell.

THE MUSEUM IN WAR TIME In the October *Bulletin* of the Metropolitan Museum of Art is published an exceedingly interesting article on "The Museum in War Time" by Dr. Edward Robinson, Director of the Museum. Dr. Robinson tells first of how the high cost of living has effected the Museums as well as the individuals. "Although the Museum does not eat," he says, "those in its service do and it is to help them in this matter that the Trustees of the Museum voted last winter a bonus to all its regular employes who were receiving salaries of \$1,200 or under, of 5 per cent of their pay for the year 1916, and 10 per cent for the current year, this money to be paid out of Museum funds."

At the same time he explains the cost of supplies has increased, for instance that of coal, yet the building must be kept heated—and when the supplies have been obtainable delays in their delivery have sometimes called for the extreme exercise of patience. Furthermore the working force of the Museum has been much depleted by the call to arms.

When the war began it was generally



supposed that in every country in Europe involved works of art would soon be coming into America in great numbers and at greatly reduced prices. This is not so, Dr. Robinson explains. Up to the present time the number of first-class works of art of whatever nature that have been offered for sale in Europe during the last three years is very much smaller than the three years preceding. Dealers, museums and private collectors are having the same experience. There are plenty of people ready and eager to buy, but the things do not come out. As to the prices, they have never, Dr. Robinson says, been so high as they are at present. This is apparently due to the scarcity alluded to, but not altogether.

Not only in America, but in every country in Europe, neutral as well as belligerent, which has not been actually devastated, private fortunes already large have been vastly increased, and new crops of millionaires have sprung up including many who are only too ready to invest their surplus in works of art. It is these people quite as much as the dealers who have made the present prices, and America is by no means the only country in which these prices prevail. A well-known Italian dealer who arrived here last spring reported that he had had an unusually successful season before his departure. On surprise being expressed at this, in view of the fact that there had been no Americans traveling in Italy during the winter, he replied: "Ah, but you must remember that in my country also there are people who have been making a great deal of money, and with them we have done a very good business." Public auction sales in various European centers have shown how keen this competition is, and they prove that it is by no means wholly a dealer's movement. An illustration, the more significant because it concerns a branch of art which is not popular among American private collectors, is the recent sale in London of the famous Hope Collection. In that were included 155 Greek vases, which according to the London *Times*, were expected to bring a total of about five thousand pounds, instead of which they went for nearly seventeen thousand!

## NEWS ITEMS

Announcement has been made that for the duration of the war the Corcoran Gallery will be open on all days, free of charge to soldiers, sailors and marines in the United States service. What is more, special arrangements were made by the Director and Trustees for a special opening on a Saturday evening in October for the benefit of those men encamped in the vicinity of Washington. On that evening the men in uniform and their friends were made the special guests of the Gallery. Invitations were issued through the War and Navy Department, the Young Men's Christian Association and the War Work Recreation Committees.

The Rhode Island School of Design in its October *Bulletin* reports that "loyalty to America and its ideals has been splendidly shown this year by the older students and the recent graduates of the Rhode Island School of Design. Many are engaged in national service either at home or abroad." This has affected the number registered in the more advanced classes, we are proud to say. The registration up to October first has fallen one hundred and twenty-nine behind that of last year. The students who are working in the classes also show an earnest purpose to prepare themselves for the serious and difficult tasks that lay before every citizen worthy of his country at this time. They feel that they can best do their part by this preparation.

An exhibition of work in stained glass by Mr. and Mrs. William Willet was set forth recently in the Galleries of the Art Alliance of Philadelphia. Besides some wonderful figures in glass in their best manner there were shown drawings of several of the twenty-two aisle windows lately placed in the West Point Military Chapel—and a collection of unusual water colors by William Willet in the miniature style, like the early Italian School of water colors. Among the finest of these were: "Christ at Emmaus," "The Wise and the Foolish Virgins," "God Shall Wipe Away All Tears," "The Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca" and a miniature of the artist's daughter.

## BOOK REVIEWS

**THE SUBSTANCE OF GOTHIC**, Six Lectures on the Development of Architecture from Charlemagne to Henry VIII. BY RALPH ADAMS CRAM, Litt.D., LL.D. Marshall Jones Company, Boston, Publishers. Price \$1.50 net.

Mr. Cram is always interesting and instructive, particularly when he writes, as in this instance, on the subject of the Gothic. The present volume, which is just from the press, contains six lectures on the Development of Architecture from Charlemagne to Henry VIII, given by Mr. Cram at the Lowell Institute, Boston, in November and December 1916.

The subject is dealt with under the following titles: "The Quarry of Antiquity," "The Age of Charlemagne," "The Great Awakening," "The Epoch of Transition," "The Mediaeval Synthesis," and "The Decadence of the New Paganism."

Mr. Cram is firmly convinced of the superiority of the Gothic age and he would have the word Gothic interpreted not as a style in architecture, a detail of construction, but as the whole body of art produced during a period covering five centuries. His effort in these lectures, he says, has been "to stimulate interest in the great epoch of Christian civilization and to deal, however superficially, with its architectural expression as a supremely organic and living thing.

For those who wish to go more deeply into the study he gives a list of books at the head of which he places "Mont-Saint Michel and Chartres" by Henry Adams, and "The Mediaeval Mind" by Henry Osborne Taylor, which, if read together he says, re-create Mediaevalism before our eyes. First among books dealing primarily with architecture he places Arthur Kingsley Porter's "Lombard Architecture" and "Mediaeval Architecture."

In his concluding chapter Mr. Cram says "Do not misunderstand me: I do not claim for Mediaeval society any degree of perfection." But he does claim that it was a time when the principles of Christianity were the dominant and controlling force and when there was a greater proportion of good than has been recorded in history either before or since. The art of the Middle Ages, he claims, was great because it was a communal art. Mediaeval

architecture was "the work of free, proud, individual artists and craftsmen working together, each in his own sphere, and all to the common end of producing something better and more beautiful than had ever been done before."

The present war Mr. Cram regards as a means of escape from the evils of the past, a making over of civilization, and he looks forward hopefully to a new era of five centuries of finer life—of better art.

**CREATORS OF DECORATIVE STYLES** BY WALTER A. DYER. Doubleday, Page & Company, New York, Publishers. Price \$3.00 net.

As the history of the art of painting is sometimes best understood through a study of the lives and works of the individual painters, so the significance of the decorative styles may best be comprehended through a knowledge of their creators. Mr. Dyer has brought together in this volume sketches of the personalities of such. The reader is first introduced to Inigo Jones, then to Daniel Marot, Sir Christopher Wren and Grinling Gibbons. Later he meets with Jean Tijou, Thomas Chippendale, Robert Adam, Josiah Wedgwood, George Hepplewhite and Thomas Sheraton, not forgetting by-the-way, Sir William Chambers, who typified the ultro-fashionable taste of the Adams period. They are all interesting personalities well deserving remembrance.

**EARLY PHILADELPHIA, ITS PEOPLE, LIFE AND PROGRESS.** BY HORACE MATHER LIPPINCOTT. J. B. Lippincott Company, Publishers.

One chapter in this book is given over entirely to the history of the establishment and development of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, one of the oldest—in fact the oldest—of present surviving art organizations in this country. But Philadelphia was from the first the home of artists; it sent out Benjamin West and produced Peale and others, hence the whole volume has a certain relation to the traditions of American art. It is not perhaps as engaging reading as Mrs. Pennell's delightful book on "Old Philadelphia," but it supplements that work admirably, showing quaint pictures of the old buildings and illustrating the architectural development of the city.



long study with him, his usual preference being for the classic Latin forms as modified by the influence of Dürer and the printers of the Italian Renaissance. His genius, fundamentally aristocratic, has been dedicated by choice to democratic ends. It has been joyously used for the greater glory of weekday things like chairs and tables, door-latches and water-works. It has brought the canyons of our country to the canyons of our cities. It has shed gaiety on our

street corners, our news stands, and even our bargain counters. And perhaps in these days when democratic ideals are getting so badly battered, our brightest hope for democracy lies in the fact that aristocrats of the Maxfield Parrish type are still up and doing, moving Heaven and earth in their delight in a day's work that shall somehow bring "the best" a little nearer to everybody, and everybody a little nearer to "the best."

## FALLACIES OF THE NEW DOGMATISM IN ART\*

BY DUNCAN PHILLIPS

### PART II

CIRCUMSTANCES and conditions change but certain fundamental characteristics of human nature remain as they were, and result in repetitions of the relations of artist and patron, similar reactions resulting everywhere from similar causes. In every age we find that a work intended to be regarded as a work of art is a revelation of an individual's personality, of his state of mind, perhaps also of his state of soul. When we detect among artists a uniformity of mood or purpose, a certain contagion of attitude toward the subject in art, or toward the patron or public, or toward life in general, we may call it either a tradition or a movement. A movement may or may not become dogmatic. *Strangely enough dogmatism in art results either from too much autocracy or too much democracy, from either too small or too large an electorate, from either meek submission to domination imposed upon the servile worker from some formal power of Church, State or Academy, or else from violent rebellion against such autocratic authority—a rebellion so eager to substitute a whole new set of ideas that it simply offers a new dogma in place of the old.* When art is a matter of endowed patronage and when the public

neither knows nor cares to know about the matter, then the so-called artists serve the Pope, or king, or patron, and the dogmatism of the minority prevails. And when art is a matter of such general interest that academies are supported by public subscription to maintain established rules and traditions, and, with increased familiarity, the public becomes at last arrogant with its little knowledge, dictatorial in exacting from the artist what it likes and what it is accustomed to get, then the so-called artists serve the crowd and the dogmatism of the majority prevails. When at last in such democratic civilizations more liberal ideas are born, more revolt against established standards, more emphasis on license, liberty and egotism, then violent reactions of anger against the dogmatism of academies and crowds make a new minority of ferment threatening change and even revolution, but fighting with the same weapon—the dogmatism of fixed idea. Stressing the need for self-expression, originality and untrammelled liberty from conventions, the Modernists of every age let themselves go beyond the borders of sanity, and even of decency, and become fanatical imposters often self-

\*A paper read at the Eighth Annual Convention of the American Federation of Arts, Washington, D. C., May 16, 17, 18, 1917.

deceived. Rebellions against authority usually result in a throw-back to an idea long abandoned, which in its age was regarded as reactionary, or in proclaiming the initiative of some lonely, outstanding independent who was in his day antagonistic to all "movements" and happily unaware of what would be said and done in his name.

There have been many great artists who have rebelled against existing standards. Michael Angelo felt himself a giant in the midst of uncontrolled pigmies—a Prometheus bound to Earth. Tintoretto was impelled to express a sense of life as drama. He felt surfeited with the sensuousness and sweetness of life and longed to start a new reformation, to hurl a thunderbolt of terror and excitement into the complacent vanities of Venice. His influence on modern art has never been properly estimated. Here was the beginning of the spirit of morbidezza which he communicated to his pupil, El Greco. The spirit found many followers among the passionate gloomy Spaniards, culminating in Goya. We find it again in Delacroix and Daumier, becoming violent again in Cézanne, Van Gogh and Gauguin, and reminiscent of Michael Angelo mannerism in Rodin's vivid "sketches in stone." When we think of Titian and Shakespeare and Velasquez, we know that the most sublime genius is poised and sane. But in the case of such great artists as Tintoretto and Rodin, and of innumerable individualists of lesser stature, it is not too much to say that "genius is oft to madness close allied." Many artists let themselves go and yet manage to stay on the safe side, but others pass across the border. It will not do to stress too much the need for untrammelled liberty and non-conformity in art. When we find imitations of such works of genius as are tinged with madness, we realize how easily acquired is the madness and how rare a thing is genius.

Rebellions in art may be infinitely wise and productive of imperishable good, or they may be unbelievably mad and productive of incalculable harm. It all depends upon the people for whose pleasure and by whose consent art exists. The lonely creators who work for their own satisfaction and pleasure only, seeking

higher ideals than are recognized in their day, are often the greatest artists of the ages, for individuals are always greater than schools with their systems and revolutions. But the great period of art is one which, while cultivating and cherishing freedom of individual expression, yet maintains its function of responsible sponsorship by exacting from artists that they cling to certain principles and aspire to certain ideals. In the violence of the present movement against representation in painting, great masters are toppled from their pedestals and unsuccessful iconoclasts are exalted to heights they never dreamed of reaching. Only an age which holds high standards in scant reverence, which loves to be shocked with new ideas and amused to use new measures of value, and which cultivates violent views on everything, would tolerate such vandalism.

Today the cult of the archaic is predominant and this dates from Cézanne. He inherited it from a remote ancestor—El Greco. Roger Fry states that Cézanne learned how to escape from representation into an art of direct decorative expression from a hint El Greco threw out about the fascination of Byzantine mosaics. Clive Bell, a learned English antiquarian, has lately written a clever book in which he labors to make us learn that art has nothing to do with life and its labels of meaning and sentimental association, but is merely an arbitrary arrangement of significant forms which possess in themselves the power to move us to a state of ecstasy. Applying this theory to the history of art he finds that the most significant forms were made on the Oriental mosaics of Ravenna, and that only in Cézanne has this quality of sublime beauty been brought forth once more. Unquestionably Mr. Bell has caught the contagion from which both Greco and Cézanne suffered so poignantly. Now it seems to me that art never was more bored by its own existence, never more imitative than in this Byzantine period when an alien craft was transplanted and forced to grow because there was no native art which cared to live in the arid soil of enthroned asceticism. The unnatural contemporary love for the Byzantines and their borrowed abstractions seems to me to



indicate a profound ennui and a passionate desire to be simple, austere and ascetic in protest against the complexity, the sensuousness, and the materialism of our times. If there were today a restoration of belief in the mystic virtues of ascetic religion, we might see the appropriateness for a Byzantine revival. But the need is now based on aesthetic rather than theologic craving and it is there we seem to feel that the reasoning is warped, for the Byzantine workmen were probably utterly incapable of receiving and consciously expressing that "special kind of pleasure" which we call beauty.

In the later years of the Nineteenth Century the Impressionist painters were very busy making charming pictures of the modern world. They revelled in new subjects found in familiar corners and drawn from the moment's sensation, and they tried out new methods for calling our attention to the infinite variations of visible effects under the influence of changing lights. In short, they made realism more fanciful and flexible and at the same time more closely in touch with the latest researches of science. Meanwhile, a cranky well-to-do *bourgeois* by the name of Cézanne, who had a hobby for painting, became interested in the new palette and the new theology of art for art's sake—but he was temperamentally out of sympathy with the gaiety of the Luminarists and their pursuit of what seemed to him—the evanescent and ephemeral. After experimenting with the color designs of Delacroix and passing from the note of exaggeration in the powerful drawings of Daumier to actual distortions on his own account, and finding himself most content with the solidity and stolidity of Courbet, he looked back where Greco pointed to the formal architectonic grandeur and immobility of the Byzantine primitives and decided "to make out of Impressionism something durable like the art of the museums." What appealed to him about Impressionism was its fluent use of color which he considered the essential medium of painting. But Monet and Pissarro used broken colors to give sensations of momentary effects of light, and by means of color to "particularize" as Paul Dougherty expresses it, "luminous revelations of form." Cézanne claimed that in Impressionist paintings forms were altered by

every change of illumination, so that one never felt a sense of the eternal structure of nature. His idea was to draw with color, suggesting depth by a trick of shifted planes, "a series of color touches following each other by contrast or analogy according as the form was to be interrupted or merely varied." In other words, modulation of color was used for modeling of form and at the same time the colors were employed as formal patches in a pattern of abstract decoration. If a tapestry effect was all that Cézanne wanted he can be written down as a moderately successful decorator. He painted a few landscapes and even still-life arrangements wherein he employed such subjects effectively as means to the end of giving the limited pleasure we derive from tactful architectural details. But the writers and painters who exalt Cézanne nowadays seem to feel that he wrote a constitution for a new republic of painting and that no one before him ever suggested solid form. This stress upon the importance of Cézanne is one of the curious phenomena of criticism to be found in every age. In most of his portraits and landscapes he was both theoretical and awkward—a bad combination. Some of his most widely advertised studies of still-life are as ugly in color as they are substantial in form and pretentious in style or manner. That they have a style or manner of their own is undeniable, but this is not in itself a virtue since some styles are without taste and some manners offensive. The significance of Cézanne is simply this—that like Van Gogh and Gauguin, who differed from him very widely in their separate aims, he was an independent thinker who reacted against both the romanticism which over-emphasized the literary interest of subjects in painting, and the impressionistic naturalism which made representation more and more concrete and particular instead of making it, as he thought it should be, more abstract and formal.

That Cézanne, the austere, dogmatic advocate of pure painting, and Van Gogh, the wide-eyed dreamer frenzied by his own intense symbolism, and Gauguin, the uncouth savage who really belonged with the naked people of the South Sea Islands—that three men as different in aim, as unique in temperament—should be grouped to-

gether as propagandists, is proof enough of the lack of intelligence among their disciples. In temperament they were all non-conformists, with a mutual dislike for schools and movements and the complexity and scientific specialization of the age. In a sense they were all genuine primitives, and I do not doubt that they were all sincere. But the time was ripe for impostors. Democracy had made us all more or less educated and more or less anxious to have emancipated opinions about everything including art. The spirit of revolt against authority and of skeptical challenge to established standards which made science shake theology to its foundations and which made pictorial art purge itself of preaching and story-telling to illustrate the new dogma of art for art's sake, turned in time upon science itself and art itself and started a new cult for the simple life, for the primitive mind, for simplification and abstraction in art with the abolition of hitherto respected standards. Out of this movement emerged Matisse who, unlike the sincere Independents, Cézanne, Van Gogh, and Gauguin, is a deliberate fakir. Out of Matisse swarm the spawn of Post-Impressionists, Cubists and Futurists, who would not have become so fashionable with the faddists of our enlarged electorate if the eccentric men of genius whose leadership they claim had only lived a little longer to repudiate such contemptible followers.

The best way to resist the deteriorating influence of low standards is to have high standards, and the best way to have high standards is to think of art as something rare and fine and worthy of all reverence, instead of as something frivolous and notorious. In order to respect art, however, we need to be sure that it is worthy of respect. Art does not thrive on superstitious adulation but on the understanding criticism of friends. *The only way to answer the Post-Impressionist when he asserts that representative art is made impossible because it is supposedly comprehensible to everyone and so everyone is self-constituted to be a critic, is to make the knowledge of what representative art really is, and can be and should be a part of the compulsory education of every boy and girl, future artists and future appreciators alike. The only way to create not merely a few accidental artists of genius*

*but another great period of art is to enlarge the knowledge of our enlarged electorate in regard to what art is. Democracy and high standards make art that is worthy of immortality. Democracy and low standards make art "the talk of the town."*

You may be wondering why I am so much engrossed with the work of extravagant fools? You may be thinking that I advertise them by my indignation. Why not overlook and contemptuously disregard them? They will be silenced by neglect. It is true that if we would all agree to pay no attention to them no matter how loud their publicity men scream for our attention, and if we would look in another direction no matter how curious we really are to see just what forms of mania their famous freaks are showing, and if intelligent people would cease to learn their dogmatic heresies and blatant half truths, then indeed we might be free of all the nuisance. But I wonder whether the time will ever come when grown folks no longer enjoy a circus. What I am most anxious to help in bringing about is an enlightened public opinion which will keep the performing painters in the circus and be proof against taking seriously the quack arguments of their advertisers. Half truths so often sound convincing and theories seem at times so unanswerable, making us search for rational qualities in things where none are to be found.

For instance, the Modernists have made it fashionable to talk about rhythm in art. Now rhythm is the beginning and the end of art. There can be no art without some element of rhythm which is, of course, the ideal of nature never entirely realized in a world of elements ever at large and at strife. *Any work which possesses none of those mysterious relationships of part to part and of part to whole, of the balance of contrasted elements, of the subtle sense of scale and tone, of the wave-like recurrence of mysterious pleasures induced by sound or color or line, is not a work of art. And yet we hear about rhythm as if it were a new invention by this man Matisse. This painter (I quote from Mr. Coffin) "in making a symbolical decoration of the dance is interested only in suggesting the movement within the forms, so he gives his figures primitive suggestion simplifying them until they convey no other*



impression than that of the elemental fact of bodies organically related to one another in a unity of rhythmic movement. Thus, he is said to attain a symbol not merely of what is local and personal, but of what is permanent and universal in human instinct." It sounds very well. But why must he make his symbolical abstraction out of forms crude, violent and revolting instead of out of forms which please the eye. Personally, I do not believe that simply because our sense of rhythm is an abstraction the forms or symbols in which the idea is expressed must also be impersonal and conventional. The abstract idea is always what makes the concrete impression interesting. But when we stop to analyze it we lose the pleasure of the moment. Under an arch of falling water or watching a drift of moonlit clouds, or the play of healthy, happy little children, we feel rhythm without needing to make for it any other image than the concrete sight we see. *The trouble it seems to me with the modern movement is that it is really reactionary in idea. It would make Egyptian hieroglyphics, algebraic or geometric symbols to emphasize the obvious fact that art is a matter of decorative convention.* Instead of art concealing its workings for the sake of greater subtlety, we are asked to admire the raw material and the crude workings which might be made into a work of art if an artist instead of a child or a savage had the impulse. Matisse calls our attention to his method of drawing like a child or a savage to show us how symbols can be simplified until we realize that if this is art then every fool can be an artist. He is even more crude in his obviousness than is Miss Amy Lowell when she calls attention to her unrhymed cadences, stressing her accents by means of metrical arrangements until all the mysterious subtlety of the ancient music of rhythmic prose has been spoiled and sacrificed. *The argument that good drawing is not anatomically correct drawing but emotionally expressive use of line is undeniable. No distortions are necessary to prove the point.* All great artists from Botticelli to Whistler have deliberately taken liberties with nature for their aesthetic purposes, but they resorted to this expedient to prove the existence of unusual beauty. They did not resort to ugliness and malformation to

prove the theory that nature is out of place in art. And so in this matter of the abstractions for symbolizing rhythm—rhythm which moves men gloriously to love and war, fraught with all the energy and the joy of living—why must we think of the hideous dancers of Matisse with their gross insistence merely upon the elemental fact of moving bodies, when we can dream of Tanagra statuettes and their influence upon Whistler, of the Winged Victory of the Louvre, of that processional rhythm of excited heroes and horses sweeping on its triumphal way along the frieze of the Parthenon?

Why this pursuit of the primitive instead of the perfect? Greek civilization was characterized by its devotion to the attainment of earthly perfection. The Greeks went at the business of making their own minds and bodies as perfect as possible in order to meet the need of making laws and institutions, sciences and arts, which also would at least aspire to perfection. The meaning of the present conflict in Europe is that two standards are embattled—the standard of primitive society with its superstitious fatalistic dogmatism and its unashamed brutality, and the standard of a civilization aspiring, foolishly perhaps, yet sublimely, for the perfection of its dream. Art must be the priest of this new faith in perfection. The very existence of art hangs today in the balance. Its life alone is worth fighting for since it corresponds to our inner life—our spiritual vitality. The Modernists in making art appear as mere aesthetics unrelated to the emotions of life, are making it unworthy of our devotion at this solemn time or at any other time. Patterns of unrepresentative ornament are invaluable for interior decoration subordinate as they are to the noble art of architecture, but to deny representative painting its ancient function of pleasurably appealing to our "emotion of recognition" and thereby intensifying our joy in life itself, is to emasculate the idea of aesthetics altogether and to make it impotent and devoid of life enhancing value. I would be the last to deny that every work of representative art *has* been great, not because of its subject, but because of its style. Whatever it has had to say *has* been said by means of the color and form. When, however, the

philosophy of the pattern as an end in itself is applied to pictorial art the effect is as austere and as fossilized as an effect of pseudo-classicism. We see into a world within, and yet apart from the world of our normal human experience, a world freed from the arrogance of humanity, a world where ignorance is apparently not only bliss but wisdom worthy of all reverence, a world where egotism, as innocent of wrong teaching as a savage or a child, egotism pure and undefiled, enters into its own and is glorified. Aesthetics may be rational in reducing art's emotions to their abstract elements, yet art is personal, art is passionate, and its fundamental purpose is to communicate the gift of pleasure.

There is no more respect due to an art or to a religion which considers itself superior to the emotions of life than to an embittered cynic who despises humanity and shuts his heart to every influence which might make him human. Art can be the very flower of life, but the flower owes everything to the seed and the soil, and Nature is the source

for art's flowering. And life itself—physical, mental and spiritual life, is the meaning and the purpose of it all. What is ecstasy—who can tell? Save that it is all that ever thrilled us in a moment of bird-song or of magic light and color, or of the passing scent of flowers and grasses, or of the touch of air and water. Joy of the dream-days of children, joy of the friendships of men, joy of an ideal to fight for and a fight to the finish, joy of our lungs in the mountains, joy of high pastures under the clouds and the sun, joy of a swift horse galloping, joy of a boy and a girl on a beach at night, joy of the stars above them, joy of their hands entwined—such is ecstasy, the joy of rhythm in our world. And pictorial art, by means of its glories of color and line, can suggest all this to its vast advantage, can convey this ecstasy, since art and ecstasy are identical. It is the ecstasy of rhythm in art which makes life so glorious for many of us. It is the ecstasy of rhythm in life which makes art so necessary to our self-expression.

## THOMAS EAKINS\*

BY BRYSON BURROUGHS

**R**EALISM is the general ideal of the schools of northern Europe, though from about the end of the seventeenth century it was displaced by a courtly and artificial style in which, broadly speaking, reality served only as a more or less remote point of departure. The destiny of the nineteenth century was to set aside the trappings which hid from view the old tradition, and realism stands out as the main characteristic of the art of the century. The reaction began at the time of the French Revolution, taking the nature of a return to classical forms in which, however, the figures were rigorously studied from the living model. The next generation, Ingres at their head, made further advances in this direction and it was the great rivals of the classicists, the romantics, quickened by the English landscapists of the time, who in effect formulated the creed of the realists as we know it. Both groups were working toward the same goal,

as now appears from our point of view, the one through form and the other through light and effect. With Courbet's pictures in the Salon of 1851 the development showed itself complete.

Approximately the same evolution took place simultaneously in all the countries of European civilization. The Hudson River School in America was actuated largely by realism, but their efforts were circumscribed by lack of foundation and experience. Certain of the young men who grew up in the atmosphere of this school were enabled to overcome these defects by study abroad—by contact with the main current of the movement in France. It is the work of the best of these, who were technically competent, even judged by foreign standards, and who still kept something of the quality of the rugged and homely America of their prime, which represents most significantly our artistic accomplishment.

\*Reprinted by permission from the *Bulletin* of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.





DETAIL FROM CHESS PLAYERS

THOMAS EAKINS

COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

Of this group was Thomas Eakins, fifty-eight of whose pictures were gathered for a memorial exhibition, held in our Museum, from November 5th to December 3d. This was the first time that so considerable a number of his works had been shown together and consequently the first chance that the public had had comprehensively to judge his manly and thoughtful art. He was the most consistent of American realists, and throughout the forty-five years of his artistic career his point of view remained practically the same. His interest was in the people of his surroundings and in their work and recreations, and from these he chose his motives. His continual search was for character in all things. The purpose of his work seems at times akin to that of a scientist—of a natural historian who sets down the salient traits of the subject he is studying—but in his case the scientific point of view was

directed by a keen appreciation of the pictorial and frequently of the dramatic. The technical side of his painting partook also of the scientific with stress on the studies of anatomy and perspective, which, however, were kept in due subservience by his recognition of the higher elements of art. His pictures manifest always a contained and serious outlook; they are free from all vagueness in thought or form.

Eakins has never yet attained a general popularity. Only now and then did he condescend to please by charming color or elegant surfaces. Much of his work is indeed somewhat stern at first sight and his pictures demand an effort that all are not willing to give. But to those who take the trouble to enter into the artist's ideal, a wealth of rare observation and enthusiastic workmanship will be revealed; the austerities of the painting are seen as fitting to the themes.



COSTUME STUDY (RUSSIAN BALLET). WATER COLOR BY BAKST

## A GROUP OF MODERN PICTURES

MR. A. E. GALLATIN is showing throughout January at the Bourgeois Galleries, 668 Fifth Avenue, New York, a selection of paintings and drawings, with a few lithographs and etchings, from his collection for the benefit of the American War Relief.

The pictures reproduced on this and the following pages are a slight indication of what this collection of modern works contains. The examples by Ernest Lawson, Childe Hassam and others reproduced are very interesting and unusual.

Among other artists represented in the collection are Renoir, Manet, Rodin, Puvis de Chavannes, Toulouse Lautrec, Forain, Steinlen and Daumier. Aubrey

Beardsley, Max Beerbohm and Bakst are also there. Among Americans besides Lawson and Hassam we encounter Whistler, Sargent, Maxfield Parrish and J. Alden Weir.

Mr. Gallatin's great interest in the younger American school is reflected not only in the several monographs dealing with their work, which he has written, but by the fact that John Marin, William Zorach, George Bellows, Robert Henri, George Luks, John Sloan, Hayley Lever, Guy Pène du Bois, Howard G. Cushing and William Glackens are represented in his collection, Glackens by a long series of drawings, two paintings and three drypoints.





WINTER—OIL PAINTING BY ERNEST LAWSON  
THE A. E. GALLATIN COLLECTION



SHOVELING SNOW—NEW ENGLAND—OIL PAINTING BY CHILDE HASSAM  
THE A. E. GALLATIN COLLECTION



AU CAFE—PEN AND INK DRAWING BY J. L. FORAIN  
THE A. E. GALLATIN COLLECTION



LE MATIN: TRIPTYQUE—DRAWING IN BLACK AND WHITE BY STEINLEN  
THE A. E. GALLATIN COLLECTION



## AN EXHIBITION IN A KANSAS HIGH SCHOOL

THE Seventh Annual Art Exhibition of the McPherson High School, McPherson, Kansas, was held the week of October 22d. All concerned with the organization of the exhibition consider this the most successful of any so far gotten together. Not as many artists were represented but the general standard was much higher than that of 1916.

The place of honor was again given to Birger Sandzen, a room being hung with fourteen oils and three water colors by him, all of which, with the exception of three or four, have been painted since his return from his sketching tour in Colorado, the last of August. A goodly portion of his canvases were from sketches made in the new Rocky Mountain National Park. The strongest was probably "A Gray Day in the Mountains," a large canvas of the Arapahoes. "In the Rocky Mountain National Park" was nearly equally as interesting. Probably the most beautiful was the painting called "Evening," a smaller canvas, picturing a glorious sunset cloud over snow-clad mountains. A new sketching ground explored by Mr. Sandzen this season was the Red Rock Cañon near Manitou, Colorado, and his "Among the Red Rocks" was a striking example of that beautiful and unusual spot. "Sunflowers" was an unusually fascinating and decorative still-life, the sturdy heads of the bright yellow flowers seen against a clear, blue Kansas sky.

Mr. Sandzen's latest work puts him still higher in the rank of American landscape painters, and without equal as a painter of Western landscape. There is a masterful sureness in all of his work, from the quiet "Poplars" and "Cottonwood Trees at Sunset" to the bold "Red Rocks" and "Gray Day in the Mountains".

Oscar Jacobson, of the University of Oklahoma, was represented by five strong canvases. He is another artist of the West who really feels the atmosphere and is catching its spirit. "Dying Day" was an interesting interpretation of a desert sunset. "Clouds and Pasture" an unusually well-handled study of Oklahoma landscape

and Mr. Jacobson's own favorite, "The Governor's House, Walpi" one of the finest things of the show, in which the artist succeeded in filling his canvas with the wonderful, clear atmosphere of the desert night, the thing in which all painters of the Southwest have almost universally failed.

There was a small canvas, "A Mountain Ranch" by Anna Keener, a young Kansas artist, which must not go unmentioned. It was delightful in color, and exceptionally well painted.

Albert Krehbiel, of the staff of the school of the Art Institute of Chicago, was represented by five good canvases of landscapes of Northern Illinois. Especially interesting were his "Frost and Fog" and "Spring in the Fields." All of his canvases were interestingly and well handled.

C. Raymond Johnson was represented by two Colorado landscapes and a large "Pierrot," a very happy conception of this lovable character, unusually and interestingly handled and fine in color.

Henry V. Poor had a fine portrait study of "Stackpole, the Sculptor" and his landscape of the Santa Clara Valley was very good. Mr. Poor's technique is different from that of the other men of the show, his color being more subdued in tone and very thickly laid on the canvas. Anna Bremer's "Still Life" was exceptionally well handled. Her "Sketch: A Woman," once shown at the Paris Salon, was interesting but not so well done and lacking in beauty. Norman Tolson's water color "An Intruder" was a universal favorite and well deserved to be. Mr. Tolson's decorative, poster-like treatment of animals well merits note.

An appeal to children was made in a room devoted to wood-block prints by Bertha Lum and Helen Hyde, whose delightful qualities are too well known to need comment, and to original book illustrations by Milo Winter, Willy Pogany, Frances White and others.

The graphic arts room contained the latest of Mr. Sandzen's masterful prints, two interesting pencil drawings by Raymond Johnson, Henry Poor's fine wash

drawing, a self portrait, and etchings by Whistler, Millet, Partridge, Roth, Pennell, Brangwyn, and Burr.

Bronzes by Norton, Hyatt, Niehaus, Borglum, Mora, Blum and Proctor were shown and added much interest.

During the week two lectures were given; Mr. Sandzen lectured on "Whistler," and Mr. Jacobson on "Art and Education."

The catalogue printed at the High School Press contained an introduction by Mr. Sandzen and notes by Mr. Potwin, Superintendent of Schools. The constant in-

crease of interest shown by the general public and the pupils is gratifying to the few who have given their time and efforts to give central Kansas an exhibition of the highest character, independent of the large exhibition centers. The exhibition has been financially successful, the trifling admission fees paying all expenses and leaving enough to purchase a picture for the school. The exhibition will go to the Lindsborg High School and probably the University of Oklahoma and other points.

C. J. S.



W. J. F., BY MARGARET FOOTE HAWLEY

## THE PHILADELPHIA WATER COLOR EXHIBITION

BY EUGENE CASTELLO

**A**merican and English War Drawings by Mr. Joseph Pennell divided interest with other contributions to the Fifteenth Annual Exhibition of Water Colors and the Sixteenth of Miniatures which closed December 9th at the Pennsyl-

vania Academy of Fine Arts. The series of fifty-eight lithographs of American War Work has been produced by the authorization of the United States Government and exhibited by permission of the War and Navy Departments. The





DRAWING BY MARY CASSATT

English series, forty-nine in number was prefaced in the catalogue by a foreword by H. G. Wells, known to most of us as the author of "Mr. Britling Sees It Through", and notes of comment by the artist accompany each drawing. As duplicates of the collection are now being exhibited in other cities of the United States perhaps it might be superfluous to point out in detail the remarkable artistic facility displayed in seizing upon the picturesque element of industrial activity in munitions factory, gun-foundry and shipyard. At any rate the drawings are of absorbing interest and are gripping records of the events of today.

Mr. Charles H. Woodbury's group of six water colors occupied the honor wall in the large gallery F, scenes in the Caribbean and Isthmus Zone, one of Mt. Pelée glowing with color of volcanic rocks. Miss Alice Schille contributed a group of eight water colors, charming in notation of relative values without much definition of form; expression of emotion excited by the color of tropical seas, landscape and vegetation gave to a group exhibited by Mr. Alexander Robinson the air of a bit of his own personality. Quite different was Mr. Hayley Lever's translation of the message suggested by the scenery around Gloucester Harbor in

his group of eight water colors, in which pattern seemed to be the main feature. Mr. Childe Hassam figured in the exhibition with a group in which "Doorway of the Warner House" was a notable study. Good both in color and drawing were the studies of Addingham by Mr. John J. Dull, and of the vicinity of Chester Springs, the new summer art school of the Pennsylvania Academy, by Mr. William H. De B. Nelson. Paintings in which the old stained glass windows of the Cathedrals of England and the Continent served as subjects, were by Mr. Lawrence Saint. The picturesque side of life in the streets of some of our older American towns was very delightfully presented by Miss Felicie Waldo Howell in a number of works painted in opaque water color. Mr. Frederic Nunn showed capital studies of sea and sand dunes on the shores of Delaware Bay, satisfactory in every way, the works of finished artists, were the pastels "Silvery Night," by Mr. Charles Warren Eaton, "Gray Day, Belgium," a water color by



PORTRAIT DRAWING BY CECILIA BEAUX

the same painter and "A Gray Day," by Mr. W. L. Lathrop. Admirable figure painting was evident in Mr. Horatio Walker's "Potato Gathers," in Mr. Louis Kronberg's "Ballet Girl in Pink" and in Miss Mary Cassatt's "Woman and Child." It would be difficult to say what message Mr. Dodge McKnight wished to convey to his audience in his wash

of studies by Miss Violet Oakley for the mural decoration of the Senate Chamber of the State Capitol Building at Harrisburg. The south corridor and gallery A were given to the work of the painters done at the Chester Springs Summer School opened in the spring under Academy auspices.

The showing of miniatures was as usual



NANCY HALE—A DRAWING BY LILIAN WESCOTT HALE

drawings of the Grand Cañon, Arizona, or what kind of flowers Mr. Charles Demuth meant to represent in a group seen here. Mr. David B. Milne's drawings might have been very interesting to other painters, but the man in the street would fail to find them so. There was a good portrait in charcoal of Dr. F. Peterson by Miss Cecilia Beaux. The north corridor was given over to a group

excellent, the Medal of Honor going to Miss Lucy May Stanton, whose portrait of Joel Chandler Harris, "Uncle Remus" was one of the gems of the collection; Mrs. Madison Taylor had a good nude and a fine portrait of Miss L. A. deM. Lusson. Much careful delineation of character was in Miss A. Margaretta Archambault's "The Chinese Cabinet;" "Suzanne" and a portrait of "Mr. K." were



notable works by Miss Bertha E. Perrie. A capital figure was "Miss Jane L. Everett" by Miss Laura Coombs Hills; Mrs. Stella L. Marks' "William Plummer"; "Miss Elizabeth Stewart," by Mr. William J. Whittemore; "H. J. F.," by Miss Margaret Foote Hawley and a "Sketch of a Latin Quartier Poet," by De Reid Gallatin Kilpatrick were all most creditable performances.

The Philadelphia Water Color Prize was awarded by the Jury of Artists to Mr. Gifford Beal for the strongest group of water colors in the exhibition; the Beck Prize for the best work that has been reproduced in color, to Mr. Howard Giles for his oil painting of "Chevy Chase Club," an illustration of an article treating of the City of Washington. The Charles M. Lea Prizes, to students regularly enrolled in any American School of Art which has a faculty of at least three instructors, were awarded, first to Miss Edith Sturtevant and second to Mr. Rowley Murphy, both students in the Pennsylvania Academy Schools. The competitors were from the Pennsylvania Academy, the Pennsylvania School of Industrial Art, the Art Students League of New York, National Academy of Design, New York, and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The drawings eligible for competition were to be executed in black and white, not in chalk or charcoal,



MISS ELIZABETH STEWART—BY WILLIAM S. WHITEMORE

and the subject to be of the human figure. The First Prize was three hundred dollars and the Second, two hundred and fifty dollars, and no competitor was to enter more than two works.

## A DRAWING-ROOM

BY A. A.

AN ARTIST has just asked me, as an artist, why I do not imitate the simplicity of the Japanese in my drawing-room and its things. Ah, the exquisite choices and the masterly eliminations of the Japanese tea-room, its subdued light, its sole incomparable flower set in a dew-pearled chalice which in itself is a song without words! At the suggestion of it, I see myself as I am, incurably Occidental. Then, too, there is the initial irritation of being requested to imitate the quality of some one else, some one far from me and my week-day needs. But let us banish all that, and in the love and fellowship of

art, try to bring Nippon to New England. Turn about is fair play; it is a poor missionary spirit that will not work both ways.

Yet I am invaded by dismay as I imagine my room quite stripped of its old belongings, and made ready for that higher culture imposed by the single flower in the solitary vase. Already I am in exile, if the things I live with are to be taken away! My sofa stretching its cool, green silken length under the marble Donatello relief that my painter-friend colored for me—a sofa comfortable to lie upon when one listens to the drowsy fountain outside, and yet a sofa stately enough to seat four people

when company comes—I would be hard-pressed indeed without that sofa, and the two carved Florentine cane-seated arm-chairs communicating with it, a bit in front. Also, it would be awkward for me to give up my tall Louis Seize desk, which, more busy than the famous “bed by night, and chest of drawers by day,” really plays three parts in the twenty-four hours. It holds books and flowers on top; the middle section serves me when I write sudden notes or telegrams, or correct proofs, and more than that, it is rich in nooks and crannies for stowing away rare columbine and hollyhock seeds, friendly unpublished recipes for Scotch scones and raspberry shrub, kodak prints, too queer to show but too dear to cast away. Besides, that is where we keep the caricatures Alexander and Cox used to make at the Academy Council meetings. The lowest third of the desk is at present bursting to the very locks with the week’s work in bandages rolled and compresses folded for the Red Cross. Doubtless they manage these things differently in Japan. And would you have me do without tea-table, card-table, smoking-table, reading-table? Each has its daily task here. Match-holders and flower-bowls our folk must have, likewise reading-lamps, work-baskets, paper-cutters, the friendly silent helps in life. Certainly the bookshelves need not apologize, they efface themselves, their contents do not speak to you unless you speak first. To banish from the fireside the wing-chair and its mate would be to disconcert or even to insult the very people we love best. We need those brazen-headed fire-irons, too, and the big firescreen, and the andirons which a man who was really a blacksmith made; and with a family and a fireplace such as ours, it would be mere pretentiousness to do without the bellows there, carved by my father’s own hand, with the motto “*Amor omnia vincit*.” How many family feuds over fire have been stayed by those three words! Of the clavichord I say nothing since it is a personal matter.

Surely you can see for yourself that except for a few homely oddments of literature, such as farm-machinery catalogues and Sunday supplements, and perhaps a stray ash-tray or two of unquestionably vicious design (such things happen in the

best of families), there is nothing really useless or low in this room, given its daily uses.

But stay! What of that ancient tin cash-box under the card-table in the corner? Its painted roses are as dim as old tapestry, its lacquer is myriad-cracked, its arching cover scarcely sits tight, the key is missing from the brassy heart-shaped padlock, and worse yet, there is nothing in it at all, nothing but a bit of pink string and some keepsake associations. Away then to the attic with the superfluous thing, let it not stand in the way of a higher life, imported from overseas!

When I returned to the drawing-room, I found my best friend there. He had a troubled, nay, a retributive countenance. “Where is that antique cash-box,” he asked, “that used to be under the card-table? You said when I gave it to you that you would lend it to me at any time, to keep my brass tacks in. And now I cannot find it.” He cast a handful of tacks and a small hammer upon the tea-table, where the tacks speedily lost themselves in the old darned Italian drawn-work.

I can see now that Nippon will never really come to New England. We have here too many columbine seeds and caricatures and Red Cross bandages in our lives—too many telegrams and telephones, tea-trays and ash-trays—too many boxes to hold too many things, brass tacks and all. If I had an exquisitely simple Japanese room, it would be a wrong story about me. I would have to change my whole life in order not to be living a lie, as the novels say, and however desirable this transformation might be, it is at present impossible. Yet I still have a bright hope for better things. If I cannot acquire Japanese simplicity, I can at least enrich myself by keeping it in mind. I have an imperishable memory of that solitary flower in the shrine of the Japanese room. Others also have remembrance of such things; and often I say to myself that the fragrance of that flower, in crossing the salt ocean, has changed into a breeze, neither languid nor exotic, but fresh and strong enough to sweep away from our New World art of life some of its destroying superfluities, its belittling additions.





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## TWO VIEWS OF THE STATUE OF LINCOLN BY GEORGE GRAY BARNARD

ERECTED IN CINCINNATI AND PROPOSED FOR ERECTION IN LONDON, ENGLAND

# THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART

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## THE PEOPLE IN ART

A great deal has been said of late about "The People in Art"—notably in reference to the statue of Lincoln by Barnard. We who have produced a Saint Gaudens and a French and other fine sculptors, are asked to set up in London and Paris a statue that will forever bring upon us the ridicule of England and France! The ridicule of the two countries to which we have vowed our respect and brotherhood sealed with our blood.

Is this treating them with respect? Is this sending to them the tribute of our best? We whose blood is largely English blood, we who have learned at the knee of France the finest traditions of Art.

There are those who say that the portrayal of Lincoln represents the man who was of "the people" and so appeals to the heart of the great masses. A phrase to mislead the thoughtless.

What do we mean by "the people?" Do we mean the great force of the nation—the working, counting force, the bone and sinew of the mass? Do we mean this or do we mean the failures, the left-behinds, the incompetents to be carried on the shoulders of the intelligent? Are "the people" hungry, unwashed, ragged and imprisoned? Are "the people" stupid and ignorant? No! a thousand times no! These are no more "the people" than the very small class who are spoiled with luxury and thoughtless with inexperience.

There is a splendid cast taken from the living hand of Lincoln—any one can see it, any one can purchase it and compare it with the hands in Mr. Barnard's statue. It is a handsome hand, strong, vital, intelligent, bearing no resemblance at all to the nerveless, ill-formed, weak hands resignedly laid together in the statue. This cast shows not only the hand that belongs to a competent active body, trained to strength in early youth by that log splitting which occupied only the very early youth of Lincoln, but proclaims the energy and will that made Lincoln a great lawyer.

No one who has read the history of our country can fail to remember the "stumping" as it was called of Lincoln and Douglas all over the United States, Douglas coming to the contest with training, polish, knowledge of the world and a great reputation—Lincoln, much less known, to surprise the world with his superb eloquence, his unanswerable logic, his brilliant wit, his astonishing grasp of law—not only these attributes but a literary knowledge that proved his liberal education. He was the classic. It was from him that others should learn.

This was the man who presently proved himself one of the greatest ever born into the world, the leader so noble, so supreme that he had no personal ambition. He was the ideal, the incarnated ideal of a great republic.

Is Mr. Barnard's statue representative of any such ideal, of any such energy, of any such responsibility?—

MARIA OAKEY DEWING.

Two views of the statue of Lincoln by Mr. George Gray Barnard are given on the preceding page. That anything so grotesque could be seriously regarded as an adequate portrait of Lincoln seems almost unbelievable. But while many whose opinion should carry weight have protested against it and especially against its erection in London, there are some who praise, and there is great danger that the original intention may be carried out and this absurd and pathetic statue set up in imperishable bronze near the Houses of Parliament in London. So gross a misrepresentation of our standards in art and democracy would at such a time as this be more than lamentable.



## NOTES

ART IN  
DENVER

Last January plans for greatly strengthening the influence of the Denver

Artists' Club were laid before a large and earnest annual meeting and were carried unanimously. The Club, which for over twenty years had held exhibitions, and which had, through its organization and the direct stimulus of its members, initiated everything of art importance in the City of Denver, realized that the time had come when this reorganization was necessary. In order to convey more completely the civic and community interest and the wide scope of the work that it was doing and wished to do, the name was changed to "The Denver Art Association." Annual dues were changed from two dollars to five dollars, except for artists and students and it was definitely determined to engage a permanent Art Director. The President elected that evening was well known for his disinterested public service and intelligent interest in art and civic affairs. Dr. H. G. Wetherill has amply fulfilled all that was looked for from him, and he has been supported by an able and hard working council. Mr. Reginald Poland had accepted the position as Art Director and everyone was looking forward to a splendid development of art interest in Denver through his trained assistance, when our country entered the war and he was released for volunteer duty.

The Association has, however, gone straight ahead with its work. A strong finance committee was appointed to secure subscriptions for the future Art Building to be erected on land promised for it in the Civic Centre; exhibitions have been continuously held in the gallery at the Public Library and explanatory talks have been given to groups of club women, school children and teachers; "Art Notes" have been contributed to the Denver Sunday morning "News," which has kindly given space for a column each week.

Another of the helpful things undertaken has been the formation of a committee to visit Denver Schools at the request of the Superintendent of Art in the Schools, which it is hoped will be increas-

ingly helpful in the selection of pictures and decorations and colors for walls and wood of schoolrooms.

The Art Association presented its aims and work recently at the monthly program luncheon of the Civic Federation.

On the Council of the Association are representatives from the Colorado Museum of Natural History and the Municipal Art Commission. Together with the Drama League it planned and guided all that made last winter's Municipal Christmas Tree a thing of beauty.

For years the Artists' Club has been a member of the American Federation of Arts, and of course continues this membership, enjoying many of the Federation's traveling exhibitions, in addition to those personally assembled. Purchases have been made from exhibitions almost every year, and the Association has now acquired sixteen canvases by American Artists of note for Denver's permanent collection.

ART IN  
CHICAGO

At the Arts Club of Chicago the midwinter event was an exhibition of rare Japanese Prints from the Collection of Frank Lloyd Wright, the architect, who installed the prints and lectured on the art of Japan before an invited audience. Mr. Wright's framing the prints in dull gold and composing them on the walls—"toned and bright together—like an autumnal forest wherein the trees, once all verdant have asserted themselves in those glowing changes which have their counterpart in the antique print," and compiling a catalogue which is a lesson in the color print art, has given the West something it has not known before.

An exhibition of Chinese Art, including an exhibition of early Chinese Paintings, lent by Charles L. Freer of Detroit; Early Pottery from the collection of Dikran G. Kelekian, and Chinese Robes from the collection of Kihei Hattori at the Art Institute, has inspired a revival of interest in oriental art in Chicago. The installation of the Freer collection was carried out with consummate tact by Frederick Gookin, who was also the author of the catalogue. Four lectures were given in connection with this exhibition, two by Mr. Ma and two by Dr. Siren.

The Chicago Public School Art Society's Annual Report recently issued does not tell half the story of its far-reaching activities. About twenty larger schools have had representative groups of pictures lent to them through the Society and in the two technical high schools industrial cabinets of artistic handicrafts have been placed. During the year over 2,000 pupils from twenty-three schools visited the Art Institute at regular intervals and were given instruction by the children's docent. A new loan collection, named in honor of Mrs. Buckingham, the President of the Society, is at the present time being collected from the studios of Chicago artists.

The Municipal Art League has offered its collection of paintings to the Y. M. C. A., at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, where some of the women painters, Miss Harriet Blackstone, Miss Stella Skinner and Mrs. Pauline Palmer, have given talks for the entertainment of the men at the camp.

The Federation of Women's Clubs of Illinois at their Annual Meeting in Chicago held an annual exhibition of paintings and etchings by artists of the State, and at the informal conferences art courses were advised and the extension work of the Art Institute explained. A reception at the Art Institute and an address by Director George W. Eggers on the "Value of an Art Museum to the Community" closed the program of the Art Committee of which Mrs. James W. Parker of Chicago was the efficient chairman.

L. McC.

#### INTERPRETATIVE MUSEUM TALKS

The Cleveland Museum of Art inaugurated an interesting and important experiment on Sunday, November 4th. Instead of the usual Gallery Talk an Interpretative Talk was given in the Auditorium by Henry Turner Bailey, formerly editor of *The School Arts Magazine*, now Advisor to the Educational Department of the Cleveland Museum and Dean of Instruction of The Cleveland School of Art.

Mr. Bailey's subject was the Raemaekers' cartoons then on exhibition in the Museum. A number of lantern slides, prepared especially for this occasion, were shown, and Mr. Bailey gave an illuminating talk as to

what the cartoons meant and just what message they carried. As the audience left the hall each person was handed a slip on which was written the numbers of cartoons in the gallery which pointed out certain characteristics, and the audience had the opportunity, with these lists before them, of going over the gallery in a careful way and personally applying Mr. Bailey's criticisms and remarks.

On the subsequent Sundays of November talks of a similar character were given as follows: "The Armor Collection" by Miss Helen Gilchrist; "The Collection of Copies of Old Masters by the late Carroll Beckwith," by Mr. F. C. Gottwald, and "Oriental Collections" by Mr. J. Arthur MacLean, Curator of the Museum.

#### NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN PAINTERS

The National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors held their annual meeting in New York on November 14th. Mrs.

Henry Mottet was elected president to succeed Miss Maud M. Mason who retired after five years of valuable service. The following were elected honorary vice-presidents: Mrs. Joseph Choate, Miss Janet Scudder, Mrs. Helen Foster Barnett, Mrs. John T. Pratt, Miss Cecilia Beaux and Mrs. Roland Knoedler. Other members of the board elected were: Miss Maud M. Mason, first vice-president; Miss Helen M. Turner, second vice-president; Miss Olive P. Black, corresponding secretary; Miss Agnes Pelton, recording secretary.

The Association will hold three exhibitions this season: the annual sketch exhibition in the Arlington Gallery, New York, from December 1st to 22d; the Interstate Exhibition at the Peabody Institute, Baltimore, from December 20th to January 20th; and an exhibition at the Arnot Gallery at Elmira in January.

#### THE AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME

Mr. Gorham Phillips Stevens, director of the American Academy in Rome, writes from Rome under recent date as follows:

"The work of the School of Fine Arts has gone tranquilly on. The four architects spent a day at Frascati together, measuring the wonderful cascade of the





SCÈNE DE MARCHÉ

THE A. E. GALLATIN COLLECTION—SEE PAGE 108

S. F. RAFFAELLI

Villa Conti (Torionia). Landscape architect Lawson has made a fine drawing of one of the entrances of the Villa Borghese, Rome.

"Three of the four painters have been in the country, working both out of doors and in studios. Cox spent the month with the Berensons at Florence, working on a canvas.

"The sculptors have also been in the country; Nebel working on a small statuette which the Academy is planning to give to the General who was so kind at Cervignano at the time of Prof. Carter's death; Renier making a great quantity of drawings from life in connection with his big relief; Jennewein making a portrait bust of an old man.

"The affiliated architects, Mowery and Witton have gone to Paris to enter 'camouflage' work in the United States Army. Just before they left, Mowery made a trip to Naples and to the many interesting places near that city, even going as far south as Paestum.

"It is possible that some of the buildings owned by the Academy, such as the Villa Mirafiore and the Villa Aurelia, may be turned into hospitals before long. They

have been offered for this purpose if they are required."

THE BEAUX  
ARTS INSTI-  
TUTE OF  
DESIGN

The Beaux Arts Institute of Design which has its headquarters at 126 E. 75th street, New York, and of which Mr. Lloyd

Warren is Director, offers free courses in instruction in architectural design, sculpture in all its branches and mural painting. The purposes of the Institute are: To furnish instruction in the Arts of Design at minimum cost to students; to bring art students under the criticism of artists who are engaged in active practice; to carry students beyond the academic study of the arts into the provinces of their application and practice; to allow art students to study throughout the year uninterrupted by holidays; to provide young artists of proved talent with studios and materials to perfect their art, and to bring about co-operation among the various art schools of the country. For this purpose it is desired that students, whether studying at other art or architectural schools, or



PHILADELPHIA

HUGH H. BRECKENRIDGE

ONE OF A GROUP OF PAINTINGS AWARDED THE EDWARD T. STOTESBURY PRIZE OF \$1,000

organized in clubs or working independently, take part in the competitive work laid out for them by the Institute and that the instructors of such classes take part in the juries of award.

The Department of Sculpture is conducted by a Joint Committee of the Beaux Arts Institute of Design and the National Sculpture Society. The Department of Mural Painting is conducted by a Joint Committee of the Beaux Arts Institute of Design and the Society of Mural Painters. The system in the Department of Sculpture and the Department of Mural Painting is the same as that so successfully operated in the Department of Architecture for several years by the Society of Beaux Arts Architects, of which the Beaux Arts Institute of Design is an outcome.

Schools throughout the country are asked to cooperate. Programs of the pro-

jects will be forwarded on request at the time they are issued. All students in other cities than New York are invited to participate in the competitions and exhibitions. There is a monthly competition and first and second medals and first and second mentions are regularly awarded.

#### MICHIGAN ARTISTS' EXHIBITION

The Michigan Artists' Exhibition, held under the auspices of the Scarab Club, opened at the Detroit Museum of Art, Wednesday evening, December 5th, with an informal reception to the artists. Two galleries are devoted to the display of paintings, sculpture and prints. Owing to the conscientious work of Messrs. Ralph Clarkson, Wilson Irvine and Charles Francis Browne, who served as jury of selection and award, the exhibi-



tion is more attractively arranged and better in quality than previous annual shows. Out of a total of over 300 works submitted, 127 were accepted and hung.

W. Greason was awarded the Scarab Club Gold Medal. His group of landscapes, important in size and uniformly excellent in quality being regarded as the most important contribution to the exhibition. This medal, designed by Alfred Nygard, shows on the obverse side, the scattering rays of the sun being obscured by a Scarabaeus, with a border of smaller Scarabs basking in the rays of the sun. The reverse side is suitably inscribed with a tribute from the members of the Club to the recipient.

Mr. Albert Worcester was given the Detroit Museum of Art First Prize for his picture "Still Life." Leon A. Makielski received the Detroit Museum of Art Second Prize for his "Portrait of Mrs. W." Francis P. Paulus received the Detroit Museum of Art Third Prize for his painting "The Three Cronies of the Rialto." The Hopkins Memorial First Prize for the best painting in oil, painted by an artist of Detroit during the current year, was given to Joseph W. Gies for his painting "A Study in Green (Head)." The Hopkins Memorial Second Prize for the next best work by a local artist painted in 1917, was given to Miss Katherine McEwen for her painting "By the Sea." The jury also awarded Honorable Mention to Frank G. Bangert for his wash drawing "Old French House, New Orleans" and to Irving R. Bacon for his Munich landscape, "Melting Snow."

THE ST. LOUIS CITY ART MUSEUM The City Art Museum of St. Louis has recently received as a loan Sargent's portrait of Mrs. Valle Austen, owned and lent by Mrs. Valle Austen. This singularly charming painting is signed and dated Paris 1882, the same year in which "El Jaleo," now in Mrs. Gardner's collection, Boston, was produced. It shows Mr. Sargent's virtuosity in all its intensity, but subordinated to the theme.

Its collections have also been temporarily enriched by the loan of an extraordinarily fine painting by Inness "The Setting Sun," lent by Mrs. Breckinridge Long, the wife of the Third Assistant Secretary of State.

## NEWS ITEMS

Exhibitions of art are being held in Great Britain as before the war began. At an exhibition of the Royal Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts this autumn ninety-five works were sold during the first fortnight the exhibition was open and the attendance throughout was reported as larger than usual.

An exhibition of fifty-two pencil drawings by George L. Noyes of Norway, Maine, was recently shown in the Ehrich Print Gallery in New York, provoking much interest. These were tiny little works, no bigger than the palm of a man's hand, but they pictured with exquisite feeling broad stretches of country. Particularly successful were those interpreting cloud and mountain effects. The collection as a whole was unique and of far more than passing interest.

A competition is to be held for a bronze equestrian statue of Major General Maxime Gomez, the "Cuban Liberator," to cost approximately \$200,000 and to be erected in Havana in the Campo del Marte, near the Prado. The competition closes next April. Numerous prizes are offered as well as the final award. Further particulars can be secured through the Cuban consuls or the Cuban minister at Washington.

A Graphic Arts exhibition was held in the Pratt Institute's Art Gallery quite recently. Over six hundred examples of advertising designs showing the finest achievement of the commercial artists, printers and advertisers in the country constituted the exhibit.

Vernon Howe Bailey, the well-known illustrator, has made a series of sixty-five drawings of war work in America by permission of the United States Government. A number of these have been lithographed and reproduced. The entire collection was exhibited recently in the Galleries of Arthur H. Hahlo and Company, New York. The catalogue of the exhibit contains a foreword by the Secretary of the Navy and a brief introduction by Christian Brinton.

It is particularly interesting to compare these drawings by Mr. Bailey with those of practically the same themes by Mr. Pennell and to note the diversity both of method and of viewpoint.

An exhibition of about 170 etchings by Rembrandt selected from the J. Pierpont Morgan collection is now on view in the Prints Division of the New York Public Library. It includes a selection of the artist's best plates. The original arrangement was chronological but before the close of the exhibition March 1st, the collection will be rearranged according to subject-matter. This will be done in order to give increased facilities for comparative study.

On December 1st an exhibition of work by four women painters, Mrs. Johanna Hailman, Miss Alice Schille, Miss Helen M. Turner and Miss Martha Walter, was opened in the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh. This exhibition was arranged by Mr. Holland, Director of the City Art Museum, St. Louis, and will later be shown in Cleveland, St. Louis and possibly other cities.

An exhibition consisting of ten works by each of the following painters, Gardner Symons, James R. Hopkins and Frederic Carl Frieske, has been arranged by Mr. Robert B. Harshe, Director of the Carnegie Institute, and after being shown in Detroit and Toledo it is to go to the Albright Gallery, Buffalo, the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, the Milwaukee Art Institute, the City Art Museum, St. Louis, the Cleveland Museum of Art, the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh and the Memorial Art Gallery, Rochester, between November and July.

A third exhibition comprising ten works each by Hayley Lever and Ernest Lawson and five works each by Leopold Seyffert and Karl Anderson has been arranged by Mr. Clyde Burroughs, Director of the Detroit Museum of Art, and is also to make a Museum circuit. This exhibition opened in the Albright Gallery.

Exhibitions of paintings by Helena Dunlap and Henrietta M. Shore were held

during the month of November in the Museum of History, Science and Art, Exposition Park, Los Angeles, Cal. Paintings by both of these artists were reproduced in the December number of *THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART*.

During the latter half of November an exhibition of paintings by the late John H. Twachtman and an exhibition of work in wrought iron by Samuel Yellin together with specimens of Dedham Pottery were set forth in the Galleries of the Art Alliance at Philadelphia. The Twachtman collection practically included all of the paintings by this eminent master remaining in the possession of his family. The exhibition was arranged by Mr. Paul King, chairman of the Alliance Committee on oil paintings.

Under the auspices of the Meadville Art Association an exhibition of paintings and sketches by residents of Meadville was held in the Association's Gallery in November. This comprised forty-seven paintings by twelve artists and proved a most creditable display.

An exhibition of works by the foremost contemporary American artists sent out by the American Federation of Arts is to be held under the auspices of the same organization in Meadville in January.

The Newark Museum Association is circulating an exhibition of engravings on wood by Rudolph Ruzicka, which was held by the Association in March and April during the present year. This exhibition shows the development of wood engravings by examples, originals and reproductions from the early masters until our own time. The prints, with few exceptions, are mounted and matted uniformly. Mr. Ruzicka's prints form one section of the exhibit. The cost of this exhibit to each place is \$10.00.

The Ninth Annual Convention of the American Federation of Arts will be held in Detroit, Michigan, the latter part of May, 1918. This decision was reached at a meeting of the Board of Directors held in New York on December 7th.



## A LETTER TO AMERICAN ARTISTS FROM THE "RED CROSS MAGAZINE"

The *Red Cross Magazine* published in Garden City, N. Y., by Doubleday, Page & Company, for the American Red Cross, has an excellent idea for mobilizing the painters of America. It does not make the mistake of calling art a luxury and of assuming therefore that our national emergency demands of artists that they close their studios to do more useful work. It recognizes that the artist is an asset, that a powerful picture is the best way to kindle the fires of imagination and of compassion, to drive home the truth, to visualize an ideal, to stimulate a wavering interest or intention. Therefore the *Red Cross Magazine* urges the artists of America not to abandon the work for which they are best fitted, but to paint with the greatest skill at their command and the most ardent humanitarian sentiment of which they are capable, pictures inspired by the World War, in which we are engaged. The *Red Cross Magazine* plans to reproduce these paintings in their full colors for the benefit of their thousands of readers. It asks them to lend their paintings in oil, chalk, water-color or monotype to the magazine, sending them to Garden City where color plates will be made from them and the originals returned.\* Incidentally, the color reproductions may help to sell the pictures. Perhaps if the artists can afford it they will sell them for the benefit of the Red Cross, but this is neither asked nor expected.

This proposition offers to artists a thrilling opportunity for national service in the present war. This war is a tremendous experience for us all. Many of us can express ourselves only in dumb service and sacrifice. Yet expression is necessary, now more than ever, to individuals and to nations. The artists' function in wartime is to express the great inarticulate impulse which moves the nation, which makes us all practical idealists about to go crusading to save Democracy for the world. The stimulation which the artists can afford

and the sympathy which they can convey will carry the Red Cross idea of humanitarian service very vividly into the hearts of those of us who must stay at home, and to those of us who are waiting to go and to those of us who are already "over there." It is worth their while therefore to put the best skill they have into the making of great war pictures.

So we say to the artists of America—Paint now for the many. This war is world-wide. Universal must be its language of inspiration and of sympathy even as its passion and its pain are universal. The *Red Cross Magazine* needs your pictures at once. Send your old pictures, any which may serve the purpose, for instance pictures of French and Italian towns with flags flying, anything appropriate along the lines suggested.

DUNCAN PHILLIPS.

For *The Red Cross Magazine*.

## BOOK REVIEWS

MEMOIRS OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME, VOLUME 1. Published by the American Academy in Rome. American office 101 Park Avenue, New York. Price \$5.00, postage paid.

The Memoirs of the American Academy in Rome, of which the first volume has just been issued, will be devoted in general to the work of past and present students or officers of the Academy, in both the School of Fine Arts and the School of Classical Studies.

Volume I consists mainly of essays by members of the School of Classical Studies. It is, therefore, a continuation of the "Supplementary Papers of the American School of Classical Studies," of which two volumes had appeared before the School became a part of the American Academy in Rome in 1913. The titles of the papers are as follows: "The Reorganization of the Roman Priesthoods at the Beginning of the Republic," by Jesse Benedict Carter, "The Vatican Livy and the Script of Tours," by Edward Kennard Rand and

\*Obviously the pictures must be artistically worth while—must not be novice efforts—must be so rendered that they are capable of reproduction, and conform to the proportions of the pages of the *Red Cross Magazine*.

George Howe, "The Aqua Traiana and the Mills on the Janiculum," by Albert W. Van Buren in collaboration with Gorham Phillips Stevens, "Ancient Granulated Jewelry of the Seventh Century, B. C. and Earlier," by C. Densmore Curtis, "Bartolomeo Caporali," by Stanley Lothrop, "Capita Desecta and Marble Coiffures," by John R. Crawford, "The Military Indebtedness of Early Rome to Etruria," by Eugene S. McCartney.

The book measures approximately 10 by 14 inches and contains 172 pages with 54 full page plates and two indices. The frontispiece is the reproduction of a headless statue, discovered in March 1901 on the site of the Gardens of Sallust in Rome, the property of Mrs. John L. Gardner of Fenway Court, Boston, which Mrs. Gardner has generously lent to the American Academy.

It is printed by the Istituto Italiano d'Arti Grafiche at Bergamo, and is thoroughly Italian in appearance. Page and print are simple but dignified; the lettering, without being archaic, suggests the Roman styles of the Renaissance.

The value and interest of this publication cannot be over-estimated. Even to the layman it is a delight and to the student it offers material of rare worth.

Subsequent volumes will be published at intervals of a year.

**THE NEW MUSEUM.** BY JOHN COTTON DANA. Published by the Museum Association, Newark, N. J.

There are about eighty live Museums in the United States, so Mr. Dana says in his introduction to this little volume, the first of a series to be published on "The Making of a Museum"—a Museum which shall be up to date and a large factor in the life of the community by which it is established and used. The Museum idea is abroad, new Museums are being established constantly, there is great need for information and the literature on the subject is quite meagre. Realizing this last fact by experience, Mr. Dana has compiled considerable data on the subject, which he gives in a clear concise form in this little volume, dealing chiefly with the beginning of a new Museum.

The distinction that Mr. Dana makes

between the old Museum and the new Museum is that between the store house and the power plant—the community attic and the work shop. "There can be no standards in Museums," he says. "Museums must be born of enthusiasm and grow through unselfish devotion."

When it comes to the question, "What shall the new Museum collect?" he says, "First of all, ideas."

It is precisely the information given in this little book that many have been seeking and for which there is great need. The book should therefore not have merely casual reading but be placed in the hands of all those zealous citizens in all our cities, great and small, who are coming to realize the need of a Museum, and hoping to assist some day in the establishment of such an institution. We not only commend it most heartily but urge it upon the attention of all those who have such a project at heart.

**MODERN WATER COLOR.** BY ROMILLY FEDDEN. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Publishers. Price \$2.00 net.

This book is by a British author—a painter rather than a writer, but one who has evident command of words as well as pigments. It is both pleasant and instructive reading.

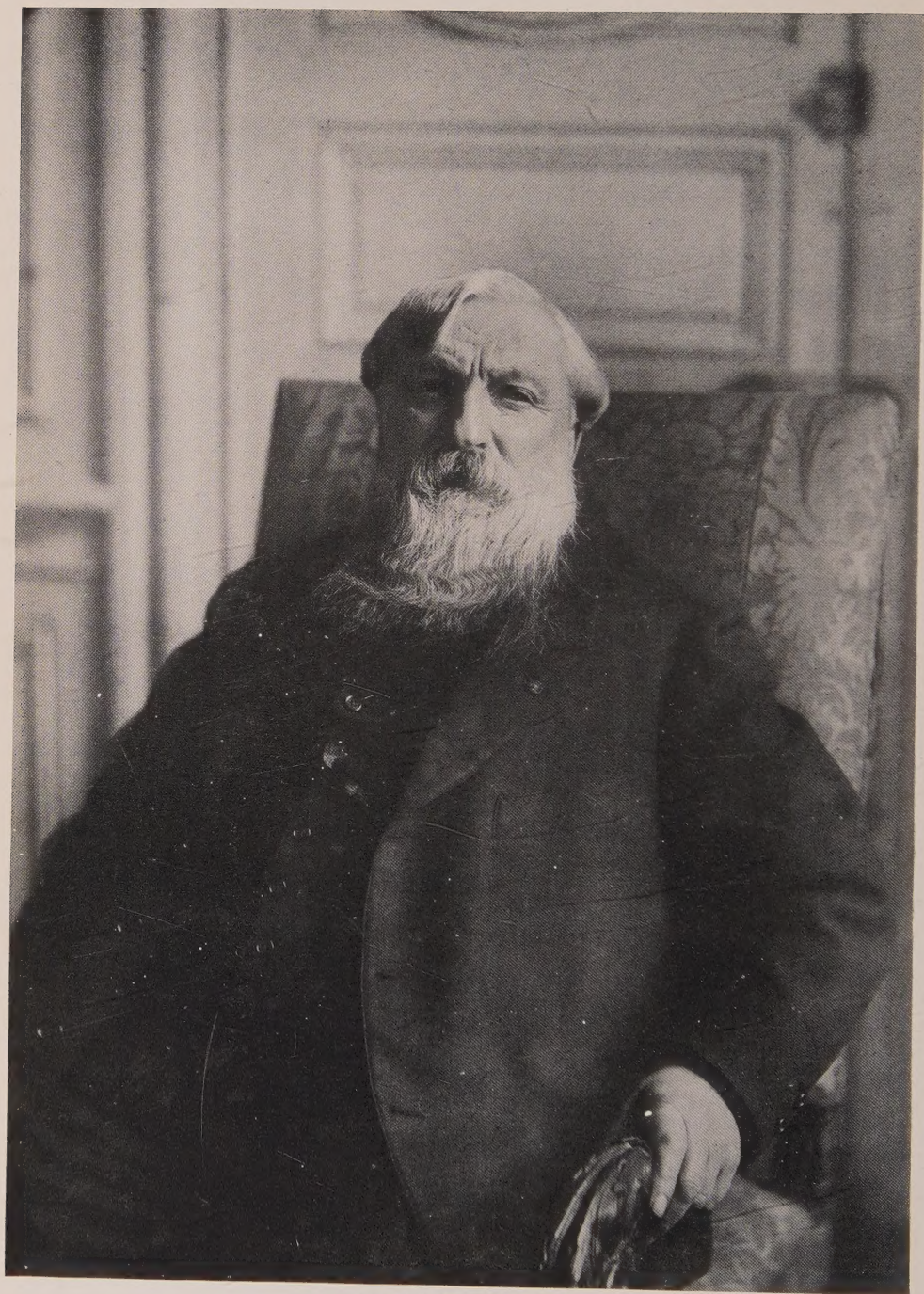
The first half of the little volume is given over to a general discussion of modern art. One chapter deals with the growth of modern water color, another with the impressionists, post-impressionists, futurists, etc. The second half of the book is given up to technical considerations with chapters on drawing and composition, color, methods and materials, and the like. The student will find it exceedingly helpful, the layman no less engaging.

In his chapter on "Some Vulgar Instincts," Mr. Romilly Fedden says, "Let us make no mistake; art is a much more simple thing than most of us imagine. It is no abstruse cult for the specialist, but a simple, direct and logical outlook, infinitely broadening our horizon and giving zest to our existence." And also "the taste of a nation does not rest in the hands of its artists but in the common sense of its people."

It is in this clear thinking style that the whole book is written.







AUGUSTE RODIN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, INSCRIBED AND DATED 1913